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Union Now

Editorial Foreword

SOME YEARS AGO a famous American product was introduced to its consumers with the motto, "Eventually, why not now?" Many readers will apply the same watchword to the proposition put to us in the book entitled *Union Now*,* by Clarence K. Streit. The author makes the astonishing proposal that fifteen democratic nations — including the United States, the British commonwealths, and the Scandinavian countries — now unite, not in an alliance or a league but in a federal union! National glory is to be sacrificed for personal liberty. The fifteen nations will function within their union much as the forty-eight States within our United States.

This Utopian challenge is issued not by a visionary but by a veteran American journalist who served in the World War and for years — as a correspondent in Geneva — studied the weaknesses of the League of Nations. Any reader who is still suspicious that this is the work of a crackpot will be reassured by the fame of the reviewers and statesmen who have commented on it with enthusiasm, since the book was published last February.

The authorities quoted by the author are likewise names associated with sanity and reason: Hamilton, Mill, Hume, Lincoln, De Tocqueville, Briand. It is true that the author quotes a poet still more liberally. A generation ago, only a few enthusiasts were willing to admit that Whitman was a poet at all. Now he is recognized as *the* poet of democracy and, with Lincoln, the fount of democratic inspiration. Perhaps Mr. Streit's vision may become reality in as short a space of time. The fantastic comes to pass very frequently, nowadays. A few years ago, when the French told us the Germans were arming to conquer the world, we pooh-poohed the idea; now Hitler frowns, and the world has another day of jitters. It is by no means inconceivable that the democracies might unite in a way more organic than the alliance of the Triangle of Dictators.

FIFTEEN DEMOCRACIES

THE MAJOR PREMISE of *Union Now* is that human happiness is best ensured by "government of the people, by the people, for the people." In one sentence, the book states its solution for international affairs:

> The way through is Union now of the democracies that the North Atlantic and a thousand other things already unite — Union of these few peoples in a great federal republic built on and for the thing they share most, their common democratic principle of government for the sake of individual freedom.

The author is not rigid about the exact statutes of his superstate. He does offer a tentative draft of a constitution modeled on that of the United States. He seeks to combine

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the best of the American system and the more flexible parliamentarianism of other democracies. Instead of a Union king or president, he would have the executive authority vested in a board of five persons, elected for a considerable period of years — three by popular vote and one each by a house of deputies and a senate. This board would delegate most of its authority to a premier who would choose his own cabinet and would hold office until he lost the confidence of the legislature, when the board would appoint a new premier. The legislature would consist of a house of deputies elected by the people, one for, say, every million citizens, and a senate to which each self-governing state would send at least two senators.

The fifteen founder states named by Mr. Streit are the U.S.A., Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, Ireland, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Finland. Finland today, we may note, is nearer New Zealand than Vermont was to Georgia when our Constitution was adopted.

Union of these fifteen democracies would give them a vast military preponderance over the autocracies. More important, however, than the advantages of defense are the possibilities of economic prosperity opened up by such a union.

> The democracies produce more than 95 per cent of the world's rubber and nickel, the autocracies none. The autocracies have less than one per cent of the oil, and cotton, less than 2 per cent of the tin, natural phosphates and wool, less than 4 per cent of the gold production, less than 5 per cent of the world's area, less than 8 per cent of the ground nuts, iron ore, copper ore, lead ore and motor car production, less than 11 per cent of the air traffic.

The bank deposits of the fifteen democracies, in 1937, were seven times those of the three autocracies, the exports and imports three times as great.

> Fifteen democracies together practically own this earth, and do not know it. Each of these democracies was made to secure precisely the same object, the freedom of man, and they all forget it. These democracies have no one but themselves to blame for their difficulties and to fear for their freedom, and they do not see the beam for the mote.

The author recognizes the many technical objections to his plan. He realizes that the lifting of tariffs and the leveling up of standards of living will inspire thousands of people to change their vocations. But he suggests compensations. The Swiss, for example, will sweat less trying to grow wheat in competition with agricultural countries and devote more time to supplying recreation for citizens of other democracies.

With customs barriers down between the democracies, the opportunities for trade will become astronomical. The wealth to be released by such freedom to commerce is fabulous. Depressions might become a dark memory of the past. Unemployment might disappear totally, and in its place a demand arise to import labor at attractive wages from the autocracies.

If this Union is ever to come about, it will be accomplished not by government but by public opinion. Statesmen are seldom eager to surrender their sovereignty. Despite our isolationists, the vision of this book is not foreign to American habits of thought. By and large, Americans are more eager about private liberty and democratic society and the rights of man than they are about the sovereignty of their own government. We predict the formation of societies in the United States and in those countries in which this book is translated to promote the discussion of "union now." Many noble organizations now supporting platforms and parades in the cause of peace might forward their aim more practically by preaching union.

EVENTUALLY

AFTER ALL, what fundamental arguments may be offered to prove that such a radical move toward a rational world is impossible in the present century? Two objections seem outstanding. One is that human beings in the mass are not reasonable enough to see this thing. The second objection is that the present organization of society is too complicated to effect such a simplification except under the pressure of international disaster. These arguments have weight, but these are times of rapid change, even in the moods of men. We *can* have union now, before pressure becomes catastrophic.

This is a great book, a very great challenge. Union of the democracies — eventually, why not now?

Henry Goddard Leach

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Why Hate the Jews?

The Second of Two Articles on Anti-Semitism Today

***by* STRUTHERS BURT**

"Second Hand Swastika: Practically New."

The above phrase is quoted from an advertisement in one of the curious little fly-by-night Canadian fascist papers which, under their insignia (a swastika, surrounded by oak leaves, above a couchant beaver) have for the past three years been cluttering the Canadian mails. Why the owner wanted to sell was not stated. Perhaps he had been presented with too many swastikas by admiring swastika-minded females or perhaps he wished to trade the swastika for an equally handsome hammer and sickle — since fundamentally they are the same.

You never can tell. The type of mind that makes a Communist also makes a Nazi. They are as alike as twin brothers, as peas in a pod, as tweedledum and tweedledee. In an era marked by crooked thinking, there is no more sardonic spectacle than Nazis berating Communists and Communists berating Nazis.

The anticommunistic smoke screen of the Nazis is as easily analyzed as their anti-Jewish smoke screen.

According to a recent survey of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, there are in this country today eight hundred organizations, large and small, engaged openly or obliquely in the spread of Nazi propaganda and, therefore, *ipso facto*, in the spread of anti-Semitism. Within the past year many of these organizations, native and foreign, have been the subject of considerable publicity. Their names, their leaders, and their real intentions are by now so well known that I will not spend too much time on them.

What I wish to emphasize is the danger inherent in such un-American groups. I am not, I repeat, interested in the Jewish problem as such, any more than I am interested in the Nazi problem as such. But I am interested in the United States of America as such.

The particular thing to remember is that anti-Semitism — which, as I have pointed out, is not the same thing as anti-Jewish prejudice but a cold-blooded, carefully planned part of a political program — has by now become the equivalent of pro-Hitlerism. The policy and intentions of the Hitler regime have made it impossible to separate the two.

II

These eight hundred organizations of which the Institute for Propaganda Analysis speaks fall into two major divisions: the so-called American "patriotic" organizations and the foreign groups, German and Italian.

Until the investigations of last summer, the German groups were insolently active. Last February the German-American Bund — the Amerikadeutscher Volksbund — held a meeting in Madison Square Garden, New York City, attended by twenty-two thousand storm troopers and sympathizers, at which the President of the United States was insulted. Irrespective of political beliefs, the presidency of the United States is a symbol.

The Italian groups, after their outbreak of exuberance in the '20's, have been steadily growing more amenable and quiet, at least on the surface. They break out, as a rule, only on Columbus Day.

These foreign groups, although smaller in number, are more coherent, better organized, and better financed than the American groups. On the other hand, the American groups are far more dangerous just at present in spreading prejudice. Both these groups, foreign and native, are in close touch with each other, and all are, on the surface, blatantly "patriotic." All they are interested in is to "protect the

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American Constitution" and "democratic Constitutional ideals" and to promote a "free, white, Anglo-Saxon country."

Some of the American groups, like the revived Ku Klux Klan, that grab bag of political, racial, religious, and sectional ignorance and intolerance, include anti-Catholic and anti-Negro and anti-alien propaganda in their activities. Just as the American Nazis take their color from Berlin and the American Communists from Moscow, so, too, is there a growing tendency on the part of the American groups to resuscitate that former American scapegoat, the Roman Catholic Church.

Severin Winterscheidt, at one time Editor of the *Weckruf und Beobachter*, official organ of the German-American Bund, and until recently propaganda leader and press chief in America, repeatedly attacked the Roman Catholic Church in print, infamously and outrageously. Winterscheidt was arrested in January, 1938, for indecent exposure in the Pennsylvania Station, New York, and seven months later was tried and sentenced to an indefinite term for an attempted attack on a small girl in a Brooklyn motion-picture house.

It was this man who at one time wrote articles furiously condemning the immorality of the Catholic Church in Germany.

The names and avowed purposes of these "ism" groups are legion. Many of them are rackets. Some were started for the purpose of capitalizing local prejudices. But now all find themselves under the beneficent leadership of their great friends across the seas, Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini.

These "patriotic" organizations are scattered all over the country, and their names range from such conservative sounding titles as America First, Inc., Washington, D. C., with that veteran troublemaker and near businessman, James True, in command, to such imaginative nomenclature as the White Camellias of Charleston, West Virginia, and the Knights of the Grand Forest, St. Paul, Minnesota. Also among the more conservatively named groups, appealing to both the love of country and the love of pocketbook, are the American Christian Defenders of New York, directed by Colonel E. N. Sanctuary (a quaint name, considering his activities); the Industrial Defense Association of Boston; the Brotherhood of Business Builders; and the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation — both the last of Chicago. Among the more imaginatively named groups are the notorious Black Legion of Michigan, murderers and terrorists now in hiding; our old friend, the Ku Klux Klan; and the once widely advertised Silver Shirts, William Dudley Pelley, Commander-in-Chief, with headquarters at Asheville, North Carolina.

There are also several organizations whose titles show their utter ignorance of American history. There are the Paul Revere Society of Chicago, for example, and the Benjamin Franklin [God save the mark!] Society of Waukegan, Illinois — which would have made that great liberal and tolerant philosopher turn in his grave! Incidentally, Franklin never wrote the forged letter these organizations distribute. The Library of Congress has found it necessary to print a form reply, so numerous are the inquiries from misguided correspondents, stating that Franklin's alleged anti-Semitic letter is a libel and a pure fiction.

A number of the more imaginatively named organizations, such as the Ku Klux Klan and the Silver Shirts, have elaborate secret rituals. The members wear uniforms and exhibit a general tendency to stick feathers in their hair.

The Silver Shirts have had a career as checkered as that of their Commander-in-Chief, William Dudley Pelley.

In fact, it is significant that so many of the leaders of these American "patriotic" groups have had ill-starred careers.

William Dudley Pelley was indicted in North Carolina for fraud in connection with the sale of stock regalia to his converts.

J. C. Fitting, of North Bergen, New Jersey, an active worker in Nazi circles, allegedly a clergyman, makes his living by selling insurance.

"Colonel" Edwin Emerson, who boasts of his connection with the Rough Riders, was sent back from Cuba to Montauk in irons during the Spanish-American War. This brave warrior once made a radio broadcast in support of Hitler from Berlin.

The citizenship of James Wheeler-Hill, second in command to Fritz Kuhn, Führer of the German-American Bund, who specializes in liaison work with the White Russians in the United States, is widely disputed, although he has sworn that he was born in this country. No proof has ever been presented refuting the charge that he was born in Baku, Russia, the

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son of an English mother and a Russian father.

George Sylvester Viereck, a fairly well-known writer, will be remembered as one of Germany's leading apologists in this country before we entered the last war.

Robert Edward Edmondson, a Nazi public-relations counsel and Editor of the *American Vigilante Bulletin*, is the outstanding protagonist of the wish-fulfillment fantasy that President Roosevelt is a Jew. According to his own words he endorses "Italian Fascism, German Naziism, Spanish Insurgency and Japanese Nationalism, for those countries." For the United States he proposes — and probably wrote — the wide and somewhat vague program of "Militant Vigilant Patriotic Americanism."

Colonel Sanctuary and James True are adroit crackpots and fanatics who woke up suddenly to find Adolph Hitler a useful bedfellow.

That other hoary war horse of fanaticism and prejudice, Dr. Jacob E. Connor of New York and Brooklyn, may also be an honest fanatic and marplot, but the evidence is against him.

As for Rev. Gerald Winrod of Kansas, ask any decent Kansan.

III

THE AIMS of the German-American Bund, under the direction of the German secret service and the German propaganda bureau, are, first, to form a solid foreign bloc of naturalized voters in this country; second, when this is formed, to ally it with a native bloc of ignorant and prejudiced voters; third, by means of this bloc, to control American politics.

The machinery for such a mission is well geared and well oiled by Germany. At the moment, we are being increasingly subjected to every known form of Nazi propaganda. Spies are at work in our midst. The intimidation of unwilling German-Americans by threats of reprisals against relatives in Germany forms a second method of operation. Others are the "good will" tours and the "good will" missions composed of charming feminine agents, official or otherwise, college and high-school exchange students, and short-wave radio broadcasts to North and South America throughout the day and night.

The German-American Bund, of course, is fervently "patriotic."

The first clause in its "Purposes and Aims" states that the Bund was founded solely

> to honor and defend the Constitution, Flag and Institutions of the United States of America and to cultivate the lofty ideals of the founders of the Nation.

The fifth clause of the "Purposes and Aims" of the German-American Bund, however, states that a further purpose is

> to unite with all Americans defending the Aryan Culture and Code of Ethics upon which this Nation was founded, helping to build a great American Movement of Liberation under the Swastika.

No one, of course, can help but be touched by this concern on the part of these new citizens who have come over from Germany apparently with no other purpose than to help us run America. Before proceeding further, however, the German-American Bund should take note of the following fundamental facts of true Americanism.

In the first place, the American national emblem is an eagle, not a swastika.

In the second place, the foremost ideal of the Founders (with a capital "F") was tolerance.

In the third place, Article I of the ten original amendments — the Bill of Rights — of the Constitution of the United States of America begins as follows: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof"!

This is amplified in the Fifteenth Amendment:

> 1. The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

The Preamble to the Constitution is equally clear:

> We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

In those words lies the essence of Americanism.

If the leaders of the German-American Bund sincerely wished to teach their members how to become good Americans, they would make them learn these words by heart, stressing especially the phrases, "perfect union," "justice," "domestic tranquillity," "liberty."

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They might also read, before it is too late, Section 3, Article III, which defines treason not only as a citizen's levying war against the United States but also as "adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

IV

WERE ANY ARGUMENT needed to substantiate my statement that the Nazi mind and the Communistic mind are identical, you need only turn to the Nazi literature that is now deluging us in the same fashion as, ten years ago, we were being deluged by Communistic literature. Substitute Nazi names and technical jargon for Communistic names and technical jargon and you could not tell the difference.

There is the same cold fury; the same insolence; the same cruelty; the same unwarranted interference in American affairs; the same hypocrisy; the same ignorance of what America is and means; the same malice; the same distortion of history and current human events; the same old device of quotations taken out of their context and warped from their original meaning; the same threats; the same guttersnipe language; the same use of scapegoats; and the same hammering repetition of the totalitarian axiom that, if you tell a lie often enough, eventually a lot of people will believe it.

Nowhere is there that search for truth which marks the majority of democratic documents.

These are devil's advocates, you say to yourself, and you are right. You feel as if a gun were being pointed at your head. And again you are right.

By Nazi dialectics, if you disagree, *ipso facto*, you are a Jew or a Communist — usually both. By Nazi dialectics, anything you may say publicly can be torn from its context and made to support Naziism and Jew baiting. So ex-Governor Landon, Dorothy Thompson, Cordell Hull, and President Roosevelt become Jews; and Chief Justice Hughes, Benjamin Franklin, Matthew Woll, and the late Mayor Hylan of New York and President Garfield become Jew baiters.

Such sewer-spawned falsehoods affect not so much the head as the stomach. In gambling circles, this is known as card stacking; in coin-tossing circles, it is summed up in the phrase, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." In the same breath, you are told that Jews are Communists and likewise merciless capitalists united in an international financial *bund*.

Jews are charged with being cowards and yet were accused of fomenting the last war.

In the German armies there were one hundred thousand Jews out of a total German-Jewish population of six hundred thousand. Of these hundred thousand Jews, eighty thousand served at the front; twelve thousand, or over 10 per cent, were killed; thirty-five thousand were decorated for bravery, fifteen hundred of them with the Iron Cross of the First Class; twenty-three thousand were promoted, and two thousand received commissions from the ranks, despite the age-old prejudices of the German officers' corps. Of German-Jewish officers, 16.1 per cent were killed; of German officers, 14.74.

Despite these facts, however, this song was popular in Germany:

"Uberall grinst sein Gesicht, nur im Schutzengraben nicht," which means, "Everywhere his face is grinning, except only in the trenches."

Fine sportsmen, the anti-Semites!

About all these German-American organizations and their native American coadjutors are certain similarities — what might be called sinister coincidences. Anti-Semitism and anti-Communism are not their only appeals. Nor is a tendency to foment anti-Catholicism, Negro baiting, and antialienism.

All these organizations, alien or native, are antilabor. All are admirers of the Nazi brand of totalitarianism. All are bitterly opposed to the Roosevelt Administration. And all, German as well as native, have a tendency to disappear after elections and appear again, well-financed and stuffed with print, when election time again approaches. Two and a half years ago they were exceedingly active. Then they went into abeyance. Now they are becoming increasingly active again.

Who supplies them with money? Crackpot and consciously or unconsciously traitorous Americans? The German government? These are questions that will have to be answered soon.

V

SO LONG AS WE can be kept aware of these threats to democracy, there is little danger of

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this country going openly Fascist or Nazi. No one need lie awake, as yet, dreading the sound of storm troopers marching down Fifth Avenue, New York, or Broad Street, Philadelphia. The vast majority of German and Italian American citizens are splendidly loyal, as they have always been; and now they are stiffening their backs against intimidation, blackmail, and fear of what may happen to relatives in their former countries.

The Sons of Italy, which had around four hundred thousand members when it was merely a fraternal and beneficial society, has shrunk to eighty thousand since it became sympathetic to Fascism. One by one the old-time and enormously powerful American-German societies are sternly washing their hands of any taint of Naziism. Milwaukee, which has the greatest German-American population of any city in the country, now counts only fifty accredited Nazis.

The danger from the so-called American "patriotic" groups and from ignorant and prejudiced Americans as a whole is far greater. It is they, aided and abetted by their German brothers, who will form the first "pressure bloc" — if one is formed.

Even before a "bloc of power" is formed, ignorance and prejudice can cut straight across our American politics and our American way of life. All sensible men know that the average citizen of Jewish extraction is likely to vote the Republican or Democratic ticket. The same is true of the average German-American citizen, the average laboring man, and all Americans generally.

There is no such thing as a Jewish "race," as any scientist will tell you.

The other lies against the Jews are just as easily nailed.

There is no such thing, for example, as "The Protocols of Zion." The history of that canard has been traced and has been known for a long time.

There is no such thing as "International Jewry." Even without the scholarly evidence to the contrary, common sense alone should tell you that if the Jews are so strong and so evil, so well organized internationally, they would not at the same time be so weak and persecuted. Why have they never been able to defend themselves? Why are most of them so poor and miserable?

There is no such thing as an international Jewish banking *bund*. The Jews do not control banking in this country or in any other. Look up the facts! They do not even control our theaters or motion pictures. In these professions they are even less prominent today than they were twenty years ago. They do not control our press. There is nothing secret about these facts. Look them up!

Nor are the Jews brighter or shrewder than anyone else.

The proportion of Jews in any profession in this country is about the same as the proportion of any other group.

There are overly shrewd Jews and honest and successful ones, just as there are overly shrewd Germans and honest and successful ones. Kreuger was a Swede; Whitney is an American; the Musicas are Italians. Capone is an Italian; Dillinger was an American of Quaker descent.

The history of Jewish persecution, its reasons and its beginnings, is there for anyone to read. The explanation is comparatively simple. Primarily the reason why the Jews have been persecuted above all other people is because they are an omnipresent, dispersed religious minority always ready at hand for anyone seeking a scapegoat, an attention-diverting campaign, a nationalistic cause, or anything else you want. But, when the Jews are not handy, the scapegoats may be Armenians, Huguenots, Hungarians, or any other minority large enough to be dramatic but small enough to present no dangerous opposition. The thing to remember is that the persecution of a minority is never in itself an end or a cause but is invariably a weapon used for far more widespreading and usually hidden purposes. Furthermore, no country has ever persecuted a minority without suffering because of it. Read about Spain and the Jews and Moors. Read about France and the Huguenots. Read about Rome and the Christians.

In the Congressional Act of June 14, 1777, whereby the flag of the United States was adopted, it was prescribed that "the Union be of thirteen stars in a blue field representing a new constellation." Now there are forty-eight. And the constellation is still new, a shining in the sky of liberty and tolerance to persecuted men and women everywhere, whatever their faiths.

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Prelude to Death

by **JEANNETTE WILCOX**

UNFORTUNATELY, knowledge of imminent death strikes terror into the hearts and minds of most people, so that, instead of a peaceful approach to life's counterpart, a clutching fear paralyzes all reason and understanding. But it is possible, after the first shock, to accept the fact of almost certain death in cases of incurable disease and build an attitude toward leaving this world that is overflowing with peace, a triumphant "going on" in which fear is supplanted with faith and despair with contentment.

My husband met such a test with glorious courage. I write of the months we spent together, with the belief that the discoveries we made may be of help to others.

We had been married but four months when the doctor reported to me that my husband was suffering from a cancerous tumor which had made a tremendous start before being discovered and that his chances of recovery were very doubtful. (The viciousness of the disease is owing in a large part to its stealthy entrance into the body and to its rapidity of growth, often unaccompanied by any pain in the early stages. Such a tumor is frequently not detected until too advanced to be checked by radium or removed by operation.) I was warned not to give my husband any idea of the seriousness of his trouble.

It is impossible to express the despair such information brings.

That first night was one of continuous agony. I lay awake, not daring to make a sound for fear he would notice it from his bed across the room. In my mind was wild chaos — hopes and fears, memories and dreams, fragments of thought and feeling, all churning back and forth in a sea of hopelessness, whipped from their moorings by the terrific truth. It was the nearest I have ever come to feeling that I was losing control of my mind.

And then as dawn began to break there gradually emerged out of the tumult one word — *faith* — to which the tossing mass of impressions clung for support. I knew that I must hold fast, that I must keep my mental bearings and move forward with all the power I could summon.

Thus began for us a drama of life and death, with my husband playing the leading part and I the supporting role.

Within him deadly disease was running wild, destroying healthy tissue in its path, cutting across his ambitions and plans. Resiliency ebbed away; his step became slower; his shoulders drooped; his eyes held a haunted look. I could not know what he was living through — I could only wonder and be with him.

There was a little ray of hope when another specialist who was called into consultation thought the growth might not be malignant. Then an exploratory operation was performed. With high expectancy I awaited the doctor's report, only to be told with even greater finality of the desperateness of the case.

Fate had cast me to play a part that was strange to me. I did not know my lines; I must create them as the action moved forward. Every motion, every gesture, every mood must be perfectly timed to build a perfect setting for my partner.

II

THEN CAME the long months of carrying on, in which were days rich with a strange happiness and days heavy with pain. For a year we went on living as though my husband were getting better. After four months of rest and treatment, he recovered sufficiently from the operation to be told by the doctor that he might return to work. To me privately, the doctor said that he might try working; the experiment would at least put his mind at ease.

My husband's business had required us to

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move about, and we had not established our own home. When he had been taken ill, his brother and family had welcomed us most graciously into their home. Now that he was to go back to work, we found a small furnished apartment and started living by ourselves again, even though I knew it would be for only a short time. Each little relationship had to count to the utmost: grace at meals, quiet evenings of rest, listening to the radio, reading aloud, chatting of the little affairs of our days spent apart — all of them experiences that one would wish to hold, to keep as a refuge for later days.

What was keeping the secret from him doing to me? I was leading a double life, responding to his optimistic reports from the doctor with a forced enthusiasm, playing the role which had been assigned me; then, when I was offstage, seeing with heartsick realization what was taking place. A barrier was growing up between us; I was withholding from him information which meant more to me than life itself, namely, that he, my husband of but a few months, could not be with me long on this earth. At times the strain was almost more than I could endure. Was I being fair in keeping the truth from him?

A close personal friend, a minister whose understanding and insight I value highly, said, "You are treating him as though he did not have the courage to face the truth. Love can stand the truth. He has nothing to lose, if you tell him, and everything to gain."

Still I hesitated, even though, theoretically, I agreed. It was a tremendous step to take. I must recognize all the possibilities on both sides and be ready to take the consequences. The doctor, one of the finest in his field, and also most of the members of my husband's family thought that to tell him would be a mistake; and it was difficult to go against their judgment. Yet all the time there was a growing conviction that love *can* stand the truth; that, if he knew, his chance of recovery might be greater, that he might tap hitherto unreached spiritual resources within himself and thus gain strength to go on. No decision has ever cost me such anguish of heart. In the final analysis it was I who must think the question through in relation to everything life meant to my husband and to me and make the decision. The time to tell him did not present itself, and so I waited.

Then came the day when the doctor told me my husband might live a year. This was the first time a limit had been set. A year! It must be a lifetime of happiness.

A brother and his wife heard him say he would like to go to Florida and gave us a trip south for a Christmas gift. It was a beautiful thing for them to do. Together we stood under the stars in the soft air and came to know the loveliness of Florida in winter.

Later, on our return, we spent a few days visiting his relatives and mine, rejoicing in the warmth and friendship of family ties and cherishing the memories carried away from each visit.

Several times we drove to a favorite spot on a nearby mountain range from which one could see for miles into the surrounding valley. The valley is not so dark when one has been on the mountaintop.

All the time I wondered how much he knew or suspected and was trying to keep from me. One day, returning home from an errand, I found him mentally upset, but all he would say was that he was all right now that I was back with him. At no time did he utter a word of complaint or mention his pain. His philosophy seemed to be: What is, is, and one has to take it and make the best of it.

The time came when his clothes no longer fitted him comfortably, because of the swelling of that fearful growth, and had to be altered — a fact which quite belied his statements that he was better. Neither of us made any comment.

With grim determination he stayed at his work as long as he could. His associates reported that at times he seemed to be in great pain but would stop only long enough to walk around for a little and then go back to his task. Down to the last day on which he went to his office, he carried his full responsibility. Doing his work well was a part of him.

III

After another four months, the doctor's report was that he had failed so much he could not live more than three months longer. And still I had not told him.

On Good Friday, when he was not feeling well enough to go to church, we read together the Easter story and talked about Jesus' attitude toward life and death and healing. The

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conversation quite naturally led into the subject of his own illness.

A few days previously I had overheard him ask his brother whether he had cancer. (He had read an article about his specialist's being connected with a cancer clinic.) His brother, taken unawares, had avoided a direct answer.

Knowing this, I asked him now whether he was sure he would want to know if he should have one, and, when he replied emphatically in the affirmative, I told him the truth.

He said I could never realize what a relief it was to have the uncertainty over; he felt ten years younger — and the relief showed in his face. He felt a greater strength to go on, now that he knew.

I was convinced then of the wisdom of telling him at least part of the truth. We both had been shielding each other during the long months, each trying to bear alone what was much easier to bear together.

As the days passed, his pain increased; and there came the morning when he could not again summon energy to go to work.

I knew then that I must tell him more of the truth. If he, a mature and intelligent man, had so short a time to live, he had a right to plan how and where he would spend his days.

When I asked him if he thought he was better, he first answered a defensive, "Yes," that the doctor said he was; but, when I asked him what *he* thought, he was silent; and I knew his answer by his expression. I told him simply and gently that the doctor had used every known resource of science but none had been effective. Then he admitted that he had felt for some time that he was not improving but had been struggling against acknowledging it, even to himself, and had been determined to conceal his innermost fears from me. Here we were, the two of us, more deeply in love than I had ever imagined two could be, both trying vainly to carry on alone, when our hearts were nearly breaking.

There was deep gratitude in his voice when he thanked me for sharing with him the knowledge that he could not be with me for very long. Pain would be much easier to bear, he added, now that he knew the truth, than it had been during the tedious months of wonder and uncertainty. His one request was that we spend all our time together, that we drink fully of our cup of happiness as long as we could.

Now all life was different for us; the "awful" truth was no longer awful, for in accepting the certainty of death we sensed a Presence and felt a quiet peace spreading over us. We became conscious that something had happened within us to give us strength for whatever our future might be. It was as though we had been walking backward in darkness toward a great unknown and now had turned about suddenly and were walking forward. The way was lighted by an inner light. It was the most perfect transformation of fear into trust that one could imagine.

Sometimes life seems to be woven in a strange but well-ordered pattern. Within an hour after we had faced together what life was to bring us in the next few months, word came that my mother, who was living in another city, had died very suddenly.

Perhaps there was a kind intelligence working behind it all, for my husband's immediate reaction was to forget himself and think only of me, thus easing the shock of his own situation. Friends said it was too much for me to bear, but to me it did not seem so. My mother's going somehow fitted in with the plan of a gentle Providence, for my father's death two years previously had left her stunned; and, although she had been trying gallantly to go on, she had found adjustment difficult after forty years of married life. She died as she had wished, with no long illness. During those days I was living so close to thoughts of death, anyway, that I could be reconciled to the loss of my mother more easily than at any other time; it seemed almost like a preparation to help me bear an even greater loss.

IV

As we started out on our last days together, my husband and I agreed that they should be marked by beautiful living. We realized that there would be an increase in his suffering, with pain which would tear at the very roots of his endurance and which could be alleviated only by opiates. I, too, must suffer the peculiar agony that one goes through as he stands close by a loved one who is being tortured, helpless to offer physical relief and yet always bringing spiritual comfort. One of the most abiding satisfactions I possess is that I had married him and could be present to go through to the end with him. Over and over

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again, when pain lined his face and it would have been so easy to give up, he would smile and say he could stand it as long as I was with him. We learned for the first time the real meaning of those lines in a great old hymn: "O Joy that seekest me through pain."

Since we felt that the harmony we were seeking to create in our own lives should be the accompaniment of a triumphant note sounded for others, we decided that first of all the illness should not bring gloom to the home of the brother with whom we were again living. Instead, we should join in the social life of the family as much as we were able. We enjoyed the fellowship of the dinner table, with friends and family gathered about, and passed many a pleasant evening at cards. My husband liked nothing better than to discuss business and the affairs of the world with two or three of his associates. No one ever left his presence, even when he had grown much weaker, without a sense of exaltation from his steadfast, cheerful courage.

Friends who knew of the adventure we were embarked on came bearing their gifts. There arrived from Florida a box of many kinds of flowers picked from a friend's garden, each one labeled and wrapped in moist paper which brought back memories of our happy sojourn there. One Sunday afternoon a young man with a voice of rare quality and expression sang joyously for us many of the old familiar songs. One whose hobby is breeding tropical fish stocked a small, lighted aquarium with delicately colored specimens which brought pleasure to us during long evenings.

When people follow through their principles of conduct, even though these are hard, there are reverberations in the lives of others who perhaps may be living far away.

From halfway across the country came a letter to us which said in part:

> We have talked over what you two are doing and have decided to follow your example and share whatever life has to offer. . . . I suppose we must all face your experience sometime, but in a different way. Your courage will help more people than you realize when that time comes for them.

A doctor in a foreign country wrote:

> I have had to decide just how honest to be with a patient who is also a colleague. Needless to say, your letter sharing your own precious experience has helped me, and I hope has helped the person with whom I am dealing, for I in turn shared parts of it with her. You see your tree of sorrow is already bearing fruit of helpfulness to others.

Other letters we received showed what friends were thinking and saying, each in his own tongue.

> I have set aside a quarter of nine in the morning for your special time. That is the time I can be surest of not being interrupted. I shall be thinking of you and somehow trying to pray in the realest way I know. I don't want to sound sanctimonious about it but I feel as if there were laws that work in the realm of the spirit that I am having to use myself; one is that of praying instead of fainting. So when my heart ached as it did lately, I reminded myself that a fainting heart is not allowed the Christian.

Another's understanding was expressed to us in a little poem, thus:

> After gray skies,
> Blue.
> After thunder,
> Calm.
> After sadness,
> Peace.
> After pain,
> Balm.

V

When first we knew what lay ahead for us, our impulse was to cry out: "No! this cannot happen to us — we are so happy and content; we have had so short a time together." But we cannot turn and walk away from such a situation when it arises; neither can we walk around difficulties; we must go *through* them. When we start to find the way *through*, we are forced by the very nature of the trouble back to God, with terrific impact. Prayer is a crying out in the darkness for guidance, a calling on God to be very close, to give strength for each day's need. Prayer became a way of life that worked for us.

Something happens when man and wife pray together — marriage vows are kept alive; selfishness melts away; love becomes the way of life. With life itself, a precious possession, limited at best to a few months for one of us, we found through prayer a new radiance in everyday living. As the weeks went by, our prayer life touched new depths of meaning for us, not through words but through a quiet peace that spread over us because we were giving and receiving from each other and from God. I witnessed with growing wonder an exquisite paradox unfold within my husband. While his body was gradually weakened by disease, his spirit was magnified greatly, as it

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reached out slowly but powerfully into eternal life.

One cannot write adequately of the death of a loved one. For me to have cried out in agony or to have been overcome by my own tremendous loss would have been a sacrilege, would have been a shutting of myself out from a final communion between God, my loved one, and myself. Every part of my being was hushed by the mystery of death. Then a beautiful thing happened: just as my husband's heart stopped beating a smile flashed across his face for a few seconds. It was as though he saw something lovely and was showing us that all was well and that this was his benediction. His going had the triumphant majesty which he had maintained all through his long battle.

Prelude to death was a poignant melody, a duet played on our very heartstrings — now by fingers of pain and suffering, now by those of enduring joy, as we lived in the only moments we possessed. There was the harmony which comes from two lives drawn so closely together by love that each relationship vibrates with deep feeling. There were undertones of anguish and overtones of happiness which brought out each motif more clearly. For one player, it became the opening strain of a mysterious symphony of death which must ever remain unheard by the living. For the other, it was the beginning of an unwritten symphony of life which is to carry the beautiful refrain of the prelude through all its movements — increasing at times into a rich crescendo of thanksgiving that life, for even so short a time, could be so rewarding; then diminishing into a hushed quiet, out of which may flow power and insight for the years to come.

Evening Portrait

A plaintive silence gathers at the door;
The bare catalpa tree,
Its April wardrobe littered on the floor,
Its outstretched hand set free,
Is reaching toward the stars — the stars implore
The hedging dark to flee.

A lamp is bloomed against the losing lane
And there is that within
More gold than language: Man and his domain,
A shelter from the din
And toil of life, a place to store his pain,
His beauty in a bin.

John Robert Quinn

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Toward the Well-Being of Mankind

by **EDWIN MULLER**

On the same day, two items came to the desk of the treasurer of the Rockefeller Foundation.

One was a check for seventy-four thousand dollars, to be signed. It was in part payment of a million dollars promised to Japan for the founding of an Institute of Public Health in Tokyo.

The other was a news item about Nankai University, a Chinese institution to which the Foundation had given two hundred thousand dollars. The news was that Nankai University had been completely destroyed by the bombs and shells of the Japanese.

In Munich is the great psychiatric laboratory for which the Foundation gave three hundred eighty thousand dollars. In it scientists of all creeds labored objectively to find out more about the human brain. That was before Hitler.

Now the Jewish scientists are in concentration camps, and the laboratory is busy trying to prove the Aryan brain superior to the Jewish, the German Aryan brain pre-eminent over all other brains whatsoever.

Such reports make sad reading for men whose purpose is "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world."

Toward that purpose, since it was endowed by John D. Rockefeller in 1913, the Foundation has spent three hundred twenty million dollars in eighty-eight countries. To spend that much money wisely is probably a more exacting task than to earn it. It takes a combination of ardent evangelist and hard-boiled business executive, with an international point of view that can see mankind as one race — which is a fair description of Raymond B. Fosdick, President of the Foundation.

From headquarters, fifty-five stories above the sidewalks of New York, you see the ocean liners crawl up and down the North River. The Foundation has a special interest in liners. Today — any day — its representatives are on ships moving over the seven seas. They are in the Fiji Islands, teaching native medical practitioners. They are behind the fighting lines in China, working for rural reconstruction. In a West Africa jungle laboratory, a Foundation doctor is dissecting a mosquito. In an Arctic whaling station, another doctor is dissecting the pituitary gland of a whale. They are fighting yellow fever in Brazil, rabies in Alabama, malaria in Albania, tuberculosis in Jamaica, tropical anemia in Puerto Rico, influenza in New York.

Preventive Wars

In these wars the defensive frontiers of the United States may be anywhere in the world. It is not safe to wait until the enemy is close to our shores. Take, for example, a battle that is now being fought five thousand miles away but that may be within our borders before it is finished. We hear much of what would happen if the Nazis were to invade South America, establish bases there from which to attack us. But not long ago there was an invasion of South America which may eventually do more harm to the United States than a Nazi expeditionary force.

Malaria is one of the worst scourges of mankind. But, until recently, the worst malaria was confined chiefly to Africa, where the most effective carrier of the disease, the *Anopheles gambiae* mosquito, is prevalent. The Atlantic Ocean seemed adequate protection for us. The mosquitoes couldn't survive the long voyage.

Then men began to fly the South Atlantic.

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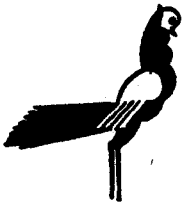

On the coast of Brazil, where it juts out closest to Africa, is the town of Natal, the western terminus of transoceanic airplane flights, and of four-day mail service by French destroyers. At Natal was stationed one of the Foundation scientists, R. C. Shannon. He was one of the far-flung patrol watching for the appearance of *Aedes aegypti*, a dreaded yellow-fever–bearing mosquito. He went about with a dipper, sampling pools for larvae.

One day he collected a batch near the anchorage for planes and ships. When he came to examine them he had a shock. He found an unmistakable speciman of *Anopheles gambiae* — undoubtedly a stowaway from Africa.

Within a short time, Natal had the worst outbreak of malaria ever known in South America.

The Brazilian government moved in its forces, spread oil, destroyed the larvae. At first they had great hopes of success, since the country around Natal is comparatively dry — but the *gambia* proved to be of a tough breed. If she had to, she could fly three miles to find water. She jumped the barriers, began to push her way inland. Behind her she left a devastated region, areas where one out of ten was dead of malaria and the rest of the population was too ill to plant crops or carry on other work.

Five hundred miles from Natal are well-watered valleys. If *gambia* reaches them, she will be almost impossible to stop. She will spread to the greater part of South and Central America, perhaps into North America.

The Brazilian government has called on the Foundation for help. The Foundation is sending groups of trained men who will utilize the knowledge won on the African front. Already, *gambia* has 250 of the 500 miles, but Foundation men will concentrate their forces in front of the furthest advance of *gambia*, try to set new barriers in her way.

One of the great wars of history is the struggle against yellow fever, in which the Foundation has had a leading part for a generation. It's an epic, not yet finished, that would take a long book to relate and would cover two continents.

At Lagos, a steaming-hot, unhealthy town in Nigeria, two of the Foundation doctors, named Stokes and Bauer, were stationed.

Theirs was dangerous work. No safe way was known of handling the yellow-fever virus. A mere touch on the skin was likely to infect, and then the chance of surviving was less than 50 per cent.

The two had just made a vitally important discovery. A certain breed of monkey was believed to be susceptible. To prove that the monkeys really got yellow fever, it was essential that they be infected from a typical and unquestioned attack in man, preferably by the bites of infected mosquitoes. But there were at the moment no yellow-fever cases in Lagos.

One night at dinner Stokes fell suddenly ill. He thought it was malaria, got himself quickly to bed. But next morning he felt infinitely worse. It was yellow fever.

Excitedly he called in Bauer. They worked rapidly together — bared Stokes's leg, fixed a screened box around the foot and ankle, introduced into it a cloud of mosquitoes. Stokes watched while they bit him, forty of them before they were through.

It was a completely successful experiment. The infected mosquitoes transmitted the disease to monkeys, and the proof was complete. A new and profitable method of study was opened up.

But Stokes didn't get to see it. He died on the fourth day.

And so the lines of the Foundation's International Health Division run out over the globe. They converge in the office of the head of the Division, Dr. Wilbur A. Sawyer, a general who has half a dozen wars on his hands at once. He has been in the trenches with his troops. A few years ago the yellow-fever virus struck him down and very nearly killed him.

In the great laboratories of the Foundation, the facts are assembled from Dr. Sawyer's field workers, and the theories are tested. Armies of mice are delivered there, besides a zoo-full of monkeys, guinea pigs, ferrets, canaries, pheasants, and chickens. There are high-powered microscopes, calibrated filters that measure molecules and viruses too small to be seen under the microscope, a ponderous machine whose function is to whirl a small tube containing drops of liquid at a speed of

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a thousand revolutions per second. Here is an arsenal of weapons to fight evil.

The Best Man, the Most Knowledge

The International Health Division is only one of the five divisions of the Foundation. The others are Medical Sciences, Natural Sciences, Social Sciences, and the Humanities. In these last four, it does not operate directly but appropriates money, "grants-in-aid," for other organizations, which carry on the work.

The Foundation also operates through its system of fellowships. It has awarded more than six thousand of them. All over the world it seeks out promising men in medicine and in other fields of science, sends them to wherever their specialties can be best studied.

For instance:

As lately as fifteen years ago, operations on the brain or the spinal cord were nearly always fatal. In London Hospital was an assistant surgeon, Hugh Cairns, who showed great aptitude. In Boston was Dr. Harvey Cushing, who had developed a brilliant new technique. More than 80 per cent of his brain-surgery patients survived. Cairns was sent to Boston, where he worked for two years with Cushing. When he returned to London Hospital, he was a sensation. From the very start, more than 70 per cent of his brain operations were successful, and he steadily improved the percentage. Now Dr. Cairns is a leading authority in the field, and to him come other Foundation fellows, who in turn spread his life-saving technique over the world.

And so it works in other fields of science. A young Australian may show promise in quantum physics. He is sent to Copenhagen, where, at the moment, he can advance his knowledge better than anywhere else in the world. A resident of Toronto may be sent to Paris to study biochemistry, and on the ocean he may pass a resident of Paris who is going to Toronto on another Foundation fellowship to study higher mathematics.

Free trade in science is the principle of the Foundation. It tries to ignore national frontiers. In awarding any fellowship, it asks only two questions: Where in all the world is the man who shows the most promise in this field? Where is the place where he can best increase his knowledge? Bring the two together!

In one corner or another of the globe, Foundation money is paying for studies of the ways to prolong human life, the forces of the atom, the causes of the weather, the development of new drugs for medical use, cures for narcotic addiction, the causes of deafness, psychoanalysis and other psychiatric methods, the search for the ancestors of man, archeological research, housing projects, radio and motion pictures, government administration — and scores of other studies.

The Foundation also gives grants-in-aid as well as fellowships. These grants are given only to institutions, but even here the decision is made not because of the prestige of any institution but because the Foundation believes in some idea conceived by a man or a group of men there. Therefore the Foundation has had to make itself into a vast confidential personal-information bureau. Its representatives go from college to university, from hospital to laboratory, all over the world, asking questions: "Now, confidentially, how do you rate X as a biochemist? . . . Well, is he better than Y over at Ann Arbor? . . . And what's the low-down on this new process of his?" A card index file covers nearly every name in the many sciences in which the Foundation is interested.

Here are some of the projects as they stand today:

At Columbia University are two thousand healthy rats. They've lived there, father and son, through forty-five generations of rat life — representing nine hundred years of human life. When one of them dies — it's generally of old age — the date of his demise is carefully noted, as was his date of birth. Some families of them have lived on one diet — wheat, milk, table salt, and distilled water — through all the forty-five generations. The proportions are varied, a little more or a little less of the milk, a varying content of fat, other differences. The results in longevity are recorded. As an outcome of this study, it is possible that your children and mine will live, on the average, about seven years longer than did our fathers.

In a room at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is a machine weighing thirty tons — with dozens of motors, thousands of electromagnets and vacuum tubes. The technicians call it a "differential analyzer"; it is really a

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mechanical brain. It solves mathematical problems. A single problem which would take an army of computers years to solve can be handed over to this robot by means of holes punched in a card. Levers click, wheels whirr, and in a few minutes the solution emerges. Foundation money helped build it.

The Foundation has granted funds for the study of the stars, giants of the universe. But it is even more interested in the study of tiny things.

We are built of cells too small to be seen without a microscope. In New York University, a physiologist, working on a Foundation grant, has drawn out glass into points so sharp and slender that they cannot be seen even when greatly magnified. With these fragile needles, operated mechanically, and working under a high-powered microscope, he has dissected human cells, separated them one from the other, punctured them, and cut out the nuclei.

It was the Foundation that financed the famous "atom-smashing" machine that is advancing our knowledge of the tiniest units to which matter can be reduced.

The Spirit of True Science

More difficult for man than the study of the atom is the study of himself. The social sciences have lagged far behind the natural sciences. In its grants the Foundation tends more and more to emphasize the social sciences.

It has financed extended studies of government administration, of social security, of the origin and distribution of national income, of housing legislation, of agricultural control. Nor does the Foundation try to influence any project it assigns. It says "Here's your money. Now go ahead and find out why the Negroes of Alabama are migrating. We don't want to hear about it until you're through."

In many nonpolitical ways, the Foundation has co-operated with the government. A grant from the Foundation has set up a plan like that of interneship in hospitals. The colleges are canvassed for graduates recommended by their teachers for government careers. They are sent to Washington, where they serve a year without pay in various departments of government boards, shifting from one to another. After the year's apprenticeship, nearly all of them have been taken permanently into government service.

The aim of the Foundation is to seek for knowledge wherever it is to be found and to apply it to the good of all men everywhere. That would seem to be an objective that all men would support. Yet today the Foundation finds its work stopped at some frontiers. In seeking the best man and the best place, it doesn't care whether it finds them in a country that is democratic, Fascist, or Communist. But, when a nation makes the state supreme and the individual nothing, the springs of science begin to dry up, and that nation becomes arid ground for seekers after knowledge. Also, it becomes less willing to send its own nationals outside to seek knowledge.

The Foundation used to send great numbers of its fellows into Germany and Russia. Very few of them go now. Few Russians and Germans come out. It has given millions of dollars to German universities and scientific institutions. None is given today. This is not because the Foundation disapproves the Nazi philosophy but because the Nazi regime has made the unhampered search for knowledge nearly impossible. Science must start with a doubt, with the desire to continue for all time to seek out the truth — whatever and wherever it may be.

When the Foundation faces these barriers set across its path, its policy is very simple: it continues to try "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." When too many obstacles are set in its way, it withdraws; where it can, it continues to operate, ignoring frontiers and forms of government. The treasurer had no hesitation in signing that check for Japan. The Institute of Public Health in Tokyo may be saving lives long after the present militaristic regime is forgotten.

And so today, while bullies and braggarts strut across the international stage, the real work toward a better future for mankind is quietly going on.

In an early issue:
"Aiken of Vermont,"
by Robert R. Mullen

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America on the Warpath

Etching from War, *by Kerr Eby* *Courtesy of the Yale University Press*

by K. R. MARTIN

ON THE LAST DAY of October, 1938, the then current issue of *Life* carried a feature whose title boldly but simply stated in large type: AMERICA GETS READY TO FIGHT GERMANY, ITALY AND JAPAN.

The caption, read by millions, aroused no comment, doubtless because the people of America are getting used to an idea which once would have startled and repelled them.

On January 4, 1939, the President of the United States advised taking steps to force dictator nations to respect the aggregate opinion of this country and emphasized that these steps must be supported by a formidable military organization; it was clear that the first object of our attentions is to be Germany. Since it is unlikely that anyone could fight the eighty million highly prepared Germans without taking on the forty-three million Italians and possibly the seventy million Japanese, it looks as if *Life's* headline were nothing more than a plain statement of fact.

If this were a dictatorship, the onlooker would say that the Leader was irresponsibly creating a dangerous outside issue in order to recapture the wavering allegiance of a dissatisfied people. In a democracy, however, the Executive is not supposed to bend the citizens to his will; he is expected to interpret theirs.

Does this mean that the people of the United States have decided to forsake detachment and abandon the ways of peace?

The answer is that they haven't — not yet.

But we soon will, if we are not very careful. We are being aroused to righteous anger against far-off countries whose political theories are opposed to ours and whose domestic policies and national ambitions are obnoxious to us. The hatred of the upright against the evildoer is a pious and a violent sentiment which is apt to lead to the purification of the ungodly by drastic means — particularly if the upright are strong.

Until recently, the average American was largely indifferent to the ups and downs of events in Europe. The period of the World

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War was a notable exception which was followed by a violent reaction toward isolation — never again were we going to be pulled across the Atlantic to put our idealism at the service of European politics. And yet we have not been able to resist a little meddling; we don't want to go right into the water but we love to wet our toes and splash and shout counsel to the swimmers out among the breakers. Eyes fixed on the offing, we have not realized that we are getting in deeper and deeper and that some day we will be caught in the undertow and carried out to sea.

Possessing riches and security of which most countries can only dream, we are goaded by no grim necessity to that passionate participation in the shifting interplay of political strategy which engages the nations of Europe in their eternal struggle for survival and dominance. We can and should stay clear of the disputes and adventures of a faraway continent.

But will we?

It is beginning to appear extremely doubtful.

In matters of foreign policy we are on our way and going fast — but we haven't bothered to find out where. The ultimate destination can all too easily be war; the question before the American people is whether, that being so, they still want the ride.

Righteous Indignation

The trend toward disciplinary intervention did not begin during December last — the President's "quarantine" speech dates from 1937 — but it was then that it received fresh and decisive impetus. Crowded into a period of less than three weeks — December 18 to January 4, to be exact — was a series of unequivocal demonstrations that, as far as the Administration was concerned, the fundamental policy of "hemisphere isolation" had been thrown overboard.

The Secretary of the Interior opened it with a speech in which he denounced a foreign power and her Chief of Government with the utmost violence. There was no doubt that the power was Germany.

President Roosevelt, whose acts and words cannot be merely the expression of personal bias, was at some pains to indicate his approval of this official broadside, which in any case could hardly have been fired without his acquiescence.

On receiving Germany's formal protest, the acting Secretary of State officially informed the representative of the German Government that this denunciation accurately mirrored American opinion and warranted no regrets.

It is obvious that the State Department cannot inform the government of another country that the United States considers the supreme head of that government to be a "brutal dictator . . . robbing and torturing," who "counts that day lost when he can commit no new crime against humanity" and still have pretensions to detachment.

The Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Senate issued a manifesto baldly stating the dislike of the American people for the governments of Germany and Japan and, indeed, any dictatorial government (a wide field). To this he added a more significant clause:

> The people of the United States have the right and power to enforce morality and justice in accordance with peace treaties with us. And they will. Our Government does not have to use military force, *and will not unless necessary*. [Italics mine.]

If this rather breathtaking declaration, which has all the sweep of a sudden panorama seen from the brink of a precipice, means anything, it means coercion: the endeavor to modify and possibly change the policies and even the governments of distant and powerful nations with whom we are at variance.

The proposal of another senator to sever diplomatic relations with Germany and impose a commercial boycott on that country was a variation on the same theme.

A boycott aimed at strangling into concession a foreign state is an act of aggression, the undeclared war, with economic armaments, of which the President spoke in his address at the opening of this session of Congress.

On January 4 the President of the United States presented to the assembled House and Senate the necessity of actively combating dictator countries. He held out the hope of disciplining them at no risk, if at some expense, to ourselves and asserted that there are many methods, short of actual bombardment, of forcing other governments to bow to the aggregate sentiment of our people.

This policy was subsequently elucidated with pith and brevity by the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee: "Why shoot a

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man when you can starve him to death?"

Without discussing the principles involved in this pleasant scheme, one cannot help noting a flaw: The victim may respond, "Why not shoot, if you are going to be starved to death?"

In persuance of the new aims, the President suggested that our neutrality law was a regrettable mistake which should be rectified. He has, of course, refrained from applying it where application would have meant an inconvenient and distasteful neutrality of fact; but the thing is still there — a specter at the board which even he cannot exorcise entirely. Applied as intended, it does not allow us to aid (except by happy chance) the belligerent we fancy against the one we do not.

That the nations selected for starvation may not submit gracefully is an idea that has evidently occurred to our statesmen. Our vast program of armaments is witness. In spite of the horrific prophecies of Administration spokesmen, it seems unlikely that we will really be called on to defend our coasts from invaders who, ignoring dangers nearer home, would be operating thousands of sea miles distant from their bases. But, for the defense of our "tenets of faith" in our own land, no such formidable military organization is necessary; it must therefore be logically assumed that we contemplate defending them in the lands of others.

Threats and Promises

Since that time, the signs and portents have been even more definite.

The semirevelations concerning the "secret" White House meeting of the Military Affairs Committee, culminating in the President's reported dictum that America's frontier is in France, caused jubilation among our prospective allies in Europe. At home, they were received with uneasiness and resentment, but, although Mr. Roosevelt issued a denial, his conduct since then has not been such as to give it credence. Whether or not he said what the Senators say he said, he is certainly striving almost feverishly to make it come true. If the United States is committed to support England and England is committed to defend other countries as far east as the Black Sea, the President might just as well have put our frontier on the Bosporus.

On April 9, the President remarked that we might have war within the next six months.

On the 11th he emphatically confirmed the sentiments of an editorial in the *Washington Post* which interpreted him as serving notice to Germany and Italy that the tremendous force of the United States must be a factor in their current thinking, since a war forced by them would *from the outset* involve this country.

On April 14, in a speech broadcast throughout the world, he declared that our interests go beyond the defense of this continent, that we will match force with force, and that the best defense of our peace lies in the hope that nations beyond the sea will break the bonds of ideas that constrain them — a passage generally understood as an incitement to rebellion.

On this unpromising foundation was laid the crowning gesture: President Roosevelt's extraordinary letter to the German Chancellor and the Premier of Italy.

Much could be surmised of the complex motives animating this curious document, but among them there could hardly have been the belief that it would be productive of substantially friendlier international relations. Regardless of the value of the concept, the manner of its presentation was so unfortunate and the manifestations which preceded it were so emphatically antagonistic that it may have worsened rather than improved the situation. More than an appeal for peace, it was a threatening admonition, apparently designed to fix on the axis powers, a priori, the responsibility for any future violence to the *status quo* and to forewarn of American action in concert with Great Britain and France, should armed hostilities develop in Europe.

This document is the gauge of the will of the Administration to enter the maelstrom of European politics; it is up to the American people to say whether that will is their will.

The European democracies thought it worth while to pay a heavy price at Munich to at least postpone a catastrophe of which the consequences, alike to vanquished and to victors, are unpredictable but certainly appalling. America was loud in condemnation. Horrified at the thought of war, we were yet angry and contemptuous that it had not been preferred to capitulation.

Will we egg the European nations on to destruction and stand aside?

I think not.

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(Because the focal point of our threatening disapproval is Germany, the peculiar attitude taken by our government in the Far East — while notably unneutral, is unlikely in itself to lead to war. Circumstances are such that a definite break is improbable, except as a corollary of hostilities elsewhere; but by the same token we must not forget that, should we be plunged into open conflict in Europe, we must expect to be harassed in the Orient.)

The American Dream Abroad

The issues in Europe are primarily economic and political; but, if and when we fight, however real the material considerations, it will be in the name of democracy, the ideological war, presented to us not as an attempt to suppress by superior force the ideals and aspirations — to us distasteful — of sovereign peoples but as an essentially humane effort to liberate the unwilling victims of tyranny.

Unfortunately this, in the language of our Chief of State, is bunk.

We must not convince ourselves that a doctrinal war would be justified because it would set free the peoples who languish under dictators. They do not want to be rescued.

Is our missionary zeal really so great that we would send a million of our young men to die on foreign soil? Are those of us who cry havoc loudest ready to give up their lives that countries in another hemisphere shall not determine to our dissatisfaction their own creeds, governments, and policies?

The nations of Europe lost over eight and a half million men in the last war, which proved nothing, concluded nothing, and laid the foundations for revolution, unrest, and bigger and better conflicts.

At this point another question arises. If we are to start a crusade against autocratic rule and minority oppression, where do we stop? Do we go on and mop up all the other countries whose theories and practices offend the principles of democracy?

What about Turkey and Iran and all the other dictatorships with whose sins we are not now so nobly concerned? When we have cleaned up Germany and Italy and Japan, are we to tackle the U.S.S.R., of whose bloody and tyrannic domestic affairs, religious persecutions, and foreign penetration should be an equally great stench in our nasal passages. What, awkwardly enough, about Latin America?

And if we, who reserve the countries of Central and South America (not of our race or language and, for intrinsic reasons, democratic only by exception) to our sphere of influence, were to forswear isolation and ally ourselves with England, could we validly object if Brazil, for instance — a Portuguese-speaking country somewhat larger than the United States — were to form an alliance with, say, Germany? If we make our material interests or our intolerance of alien doctrines an excuse for intervention on other continents, can we consistently refuse the same right to other powers with stakes in South America?

It will be argued — and rightly — that political policy is never consistent in expression but only in aim and that these aims are determined by national interest. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander — at least it is if one is acting on moral principles.

If we decide that we are willing to give our lives and jeopardize our well-being and that of our children's children in the doubtful hope that the American idea should prevail over the world, we have only to let things go on as they are. If, on the other hand, we do not intend to imperil the present and mortgage the future, we must make that fact clear at once. It is a question we must face now; there will be no time for study and cool reflection when the crisis falls upon us.

No Easy Road

The path of neutrality is rocky and full of pitfalls, and can be followed only by the unremitting exercise of skill, prudence, and resolution. The problems of embargo and blockade, of foreign investment and unwise private enterprise, of freedom of neutral transport and rights of citizens abroad are not solved by the light of instinct in an atmosphere of emotionalism.

But, though neutrality is a difficult business, it is not an impossible one. Neither is it in any sense emasculate or shameful.

We have never considered that the Scandinavian countries were moral lepers because they put up with a great deal more in the way of outraged rights than we did during the last war, without allowing themselves to be drawn into the fight. It seemed quite natural that,

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realizing international law to be an expression of the comity of nations which becomes a broken reed when those nations are engaged in a life-or-death struggle, they should trim their sails accordingly.

But we cannot just slip into neutrality when the storm breaks — as one would put on a waterproof. Neutrality is a state of mind or a conscious effort of will, according to circumstances; and it has to be cultivated beforehand.

We can still do it, if we think that peace is worth striving for. We can put a damper on the bellicose ideologists, enlighten the common-heritage sentimentalists, call off the proper-place-in-the-world jingoes. We can induce men in representative public office to refrain from venting private indignation in open denunciation of foreign governments and in untrammeled epithets hurled at their rulers. We can check our fatal tendency to backstairs participation in perilous imbroglios across the seas. We can be unrelenting where our own rights are concerned and careful not to interfere where these do not exist. We can deflect the energy we now expend in agitation over happenings elsewhere toward making our own country so admirable and so efficient that she will be not a menace but an example.

We can, in short, mind our own business. And it is up to you and me.

Thinking Ourselves into Trouble

by **JAMES THURBER**

EVERY MAN is occasionally visited by the suspicion that the planet on which he is riding is not really going anywhere; that the Force which controls its measured eccentricities hasn't got anything special in mind. If he broods on this somber theme long enough he gets the doleful idea that the laughing children on a merry-go-round or the thin, fine hands of a lady's watch are revolving more purposefully than he is. These black doubts creep up on a man just before thunderstorms or at six in the morning when the steam begins to knock solemnly in the pipes or during his confused wanderings in the forest beyond Euphoria after a long night of drinking.

Where are we going, if anywhere, and why?

It will do no good to call up the *Times* or consult the *Britannica*. The Answer does not lie in the charts of astronomers or in the equations of mathematicians; it was not indicated by Galileo's swinging lamp or the voices of Joan of Arc; it evaded Socrates and Archimedes and the great men of the Renaissance and everybody else from Francis Bacon to John Kieran.

The fearful mystery that lies behind all this endless rotation has led Man into curious indulgences and singular practices, among them love, poetry, intoxicants, religion, and philosophy. Philosophy offers the rather cold consolation that perhaps we and our planet do not actually exist; religion presents the contradictory and scarcely more comforting thought that we exist but that we cannot hope to get anywhere until we cease to exist. Alcohol, in attempting to resolve the contradiction, produces vivid patterns of Truth which vanish like snow in the morning sun and cannot be recalled; the revelations of poetry are as wonderful as a comet in the skies — and as mysterious. Love, which was once believed to contain the Answer, we now know to be nothing more than an inherited behavior pattern.

II

BEFORE WE CAN pronounce any judgments on Man's destiny, we must have a peek at the dilemma into which he has got himself. We must examine his nature before we can measure his hope of Heaven.

For some curious reason Man has always as-

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sumed that his is the highest form of life in the universe. There is, of course, nothing at all with which to sustain this view. Man is simply the highest form of life on his own planet. His superiority rests on a thin and chancy basis: he had the trick of articulate speech and out of this, slowly and laboriously, he developed the capacity of abstract reasoning.

Abstract reasoning, in itself, has not benefited Man so much as instinct has benefited the lower animals. On the contrary, it has moved in the opposite direction. Instinct has been defined as "a tendency to actions which lead to the attainment of some goal natural to the species." In giving up instinct and going in for reasoning, Man has aspired higher than the attainment of natural goals; he has developed ideas and notions; he has monkeyed with concepts. The life to which he was naturally adapted he has put behind him; in moving into the alien and complicated sphere of Thought and Imagination he has become the least well-adjusted of all creatures of the earth and, hence, the most bewildered. It may be that the finer mysteries of life and death can be comprehended only through pure instinct; the cat, for example, appears to Know (I don't say that he does, but he appears to). Man, on the other hand, is surely further away from the Answer than any other animal this side of the ladybug. His mistaken selection of reasoning as an instrument of perception has put him into a fine quandary.

The survival of almost any species of social animal, no matter how low, has been shown to be dependent on Group Co-operation, which is itself a product of instinct. Man's co-operative processes are jumpy, incomplete, and temporary, because they are the product of reasoning and are thus divorced from the sanity which informs all natural laws. The lower animals co-operate in the interest of the preservation of their species. Man no longer has the natural, earthy sense which would interest him in the preservation of his species. The co-operation of the lower social animals is constructive; that of man, destructive.

"Group struggles to the death between animals of the same species, such as occur in human warfare, can hardly be found among non-human animals," says W. C. Allee in his enormously interesting *The Social Life of Animals*.

The animals that depend on instinct have an inherent knowledge of the laws of economics and of how to apply them; Man, with his powers of reason, has reduced economics to the level of a farce which is at once funnier and more tragic than *Tobacco Road*. One has but to observe a community of beavers at work in a stream to understand the loss in sagacity, balance, co-operation, competence, and purpose which Man has suffered since he rose up on his hind legs. His grip on the earth and its realities began to lessen in that hour; he could walk but he had lost the apposability of his hallux, and his feet were no longer prehensile. Two of his parts increased enormously in size: his gluteus maximus and his cerebrum. He began to chatter and he developed Reason, Thought, and Imagination, qualities which would get the smartest group of rabbits or orioles in the world into inextricable trouble overnight.

Man, the aloof animal, has deteriorated in everything except mentality, and in that he has done no more than barely hold his own for the past two thousand years. He no longer understands the ways of the lower animals, and they no longer understand the ways of Man. Here again it is Man that has suffered the loss.

Next to reasoning, the greatest handicap to the optimum development of Man lies in the fact that his planet is just barely habitable. Its minimum temperatures are too low, and its maximum temperatures too high. Its day is not long enough, and its night is too long. The disposition of its water and its earth is distinctly unfortunate (the existence of the Mediterranean Sea in the place where we find it is perhaps the unhappiest accident in the whole firmament). These factors encourage depression, fear, war, and lack of vitality. They describe a planet which is by no means perfectly devised for the nurturing or for the perpetuation of a higher intelligence.

The effect of all this on Man is everywhere apparent. On his misfit globe he has outlasted the mammoth and the pterodactyl but he has never got the upper hand of bacteria and the insects.

"This is not even the age of Man, however great his superiority in size and intelligence," writes Mr. Allee, "it is literally the age of insects."

It is surely not going too far, in view of everything, to venture the opinion that Man is

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not so high as he thinks he is. It is surely permissible to hazard the guess that somewhere beyond Betelgeuse there may be a race of men whose intelligence makes ours seem like the works of an old-fashioned music box. The Earth, it seems to me, may well be the Siberia or the Perth Amboy of the inhabited planets of the Universe.

III

NOW THAT WE HAVE GOT Man down on his back, so to speak, let us look at the tongue of his intellect and feel the pulse of his soul.

There is a great deal to be said for his intellect, in spite of the fact that it is unquestionably coated. It has produced Genius, and out of Genius has come Art — the one achievement of Man which has made the long trip up from all fours seem well advised. Most of the faint intimations of immortality of which we are occasionally aware would seem to arise out of Art or the materials of Art.

This brings us to God and Heaven, the last stop which this exploration into the known and the unknown shall make.

Everybody is supposed to have some opinion as to whether there is life after death. Intelligent persons are expected to formulate "an integrated and consistent attitude toward life or reality"; this is known as "a philosophy" (definition 2c in *Webster's International Dictionary*).

Unfortunately, I have never been able to maintain a consistent attitude toward life or reality or toward anything else. This may be owing entirely to nervousness. At any rate, my attitudes change with the years, sometimes with the hours. Just now I am going through one of those periods when I believe that the black panther and the cedar waxwing have higher hopes of Heaven than Man has.

The dignity of Man and the Divine Destiny of Man are two things which it is at the moment impossible for me to accept with wholehearted enthusiasm. Human Dignity has gleamed only now and then and here and there, in lonely splendor, throughout the ages, a hope of the better men, never an achievement of the majority. That which is only sporadically realized can scarcely be called characteristic. It is impossible to think of it as innate; it could never be defined as normal. Nothing is more depressing than the realization that nobility, courage, mercy, and almost all the other virtues which go to make up the ideal of Human Dignity are, at their clearest and realest, the outgrowth of Man's inhumanity to Man, the fruit of his unending interspecific struggle. The pattern is easily traceable, from Christ to Cavell.

In spite of everything, it is perhaps too easy to figure Man as merely an animal of the earth whose cerebrum developed extraordinarily, like the peacock's tail or the giraffe's neck, and to let it go at that. There is always Browning's "grand Perhaps." If it is hard to Believe, it is just as hard, as our poet's Bishop Blougram points out to the cynical Mr. Gigadibs, to "guard our unbelief." You remember: "Just when we are safest, there's a sunset-touch, a fancy from a flower-bell," and all that sort of thing — and we believe again. And then there's a man with a little mustache, and a man with an umbrella, and all *that* sort of thing, and we are safe once more in our conviction that there can be no God watching over this sorrowful and sinister scene, these menacing and meaningless animals.

We come back, in the end, to all that we can safely feel we know: A monkey-man in the eolithic times, wandering through the jungle, came upon a jewel and stuck it into his head. Since that day his descendants have given off light, sometimes a magic and blinding light. The question whether the jewel was carelessly flung off from a whirling star or carefully planned and placed by a supernatural hand has engaged the interest of mankind for a million years. The question will go on and on: Is this light a proof of God or is it no more remarkable than the plumage of a bird of paradise?

"Come, come, it's best believing, if we can," says the jovial Sylvester Blougram, over his wine. "Why not," he asks, "'the Way, the Truth, the life'?"

Why not, indeed? "It is all right with me," I say over my wine. But what is all this fear of and opposition to Oblivion? What is the matter with the soft Darkness, the Dreamless Sleep?

"Well, folks," the cheery guard may say, as the train rushes silently into a warm, dark tunnel and stops, "Here we are at good old Oblivion! Everybody out!"

"Come, come — what is the matter with that?" I ask, over my Scotch and soda.

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The Forum Quiz

This Quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. Counting 2½ points for each correct answer, JACK BENNY, the well-known radio comedian, scored 72½ on this Quiz. A young housewife scored 65, a Wellesley graduate 65 (answers on page ix of advertising section).

1. Even though you're not a gourmet, you probably know the two principal kinds of vermouth:
(*a*) *Heavy and Light* (*b*) *Greek and Italian*
(*c*) *Italian and French* (*d*) *Sweet and Sour*

2. Which one of these men once defined good coffee as being "black as the devil, as hot as hell, as pure as an angel, and as sweet as love"?
(*a*) *Talleyrand* (*b*) *Disraeli* (*c*) *A. Jackson* (*d*) *Lincoln*

3. Even if you can't write poetry, you can fill in the last line of this well-known ballad:

The sons of the prophet are valiant and bold,
And are wholly impervious to fear,
But the bravest of all was a man by the name
Of .....

(*a*) *Minski Skavinsky Skavold*
(*b*) *Ivan Petrofsky Skavar*
(*c*) *Sergei Nibergi Nabold*
(*d*) *Abdulla Boul Boul Ameer*

4. The younger generation may travel fast, but light travels faster. Its approximate speed is:
(*a*) *186,000 miles per second*
(*b*) *286,000,000 m.p.min.*
(*c*) *286,000 miles per second*
(*d*) *186,000,000 m.p.min.*

5. One of these colleges produces wrestling teams which consistently defeat those of the largest universities:
(*a*) *Oklahoma A. & M.* (*b*) *Oberlin* (*c*) *Centre*
(*d*) *Bryn Mawr* (*e*) *Bowdoin* (*f*) *St. Mary's*

6. When your farmer host leans on the fence and says, "They're Duroc-Jerseys," you'd properly reply:
(*a*) *"Yes, indeed — mighty fine cows."*
(*b*) *"Rhode Island Reds lay bigger eggs."*
(*c*) *"Well, Clydesdales can pull more."*
(*d*) *"Your ham-and-bacon factory, eh?"*

7. One and only one truth lies buried here:
(*a*) *A retrousse nose turns down.*
(*b*) *Milton got $100 for* Paradise Lost.
(*c*) *Ernst Roehm is the new Reichsbank head.*
(*d*) *Red bananas suffer from the equivalent of high blood pressure.*

8. Uncle Fred often speaks of his scrimshaw collection, but not everyone knows that it consists of:
(*a*) *jigsawed wood articles* (*b*) *earthenware*
(*c*) *objects carved from bone* (*d*) *army relics*

9. When a book is said to be bowdlerized, it is:
(*a*) *expurgated* (*b*) *documented* (*c*) *condensed* (*d*) *edited*

10. Our new and highly interesting Badlands National Park is located in the State of:
(*a*) *Wyoming* (*b*) *N. Dakota* (*c*) *S. Dakota* (*d*) *Utah*

11. The magical words "Chateau Yquem" bring to one's mind pleasant pictures of:
(*a*) *an architectural style* (*b*) *Voltaire's estate*
(*c*) *Lafayette's birthplace* (*d*) *French wine*

12. The socially minded brothers who are limiting the profits from their mechanical cotton picker are:
(*a*) *Eli and Martin Moss*
(*b*) *John and Mack Rust*
(*c*) *Jack and T. J. Cameron*

13. We can't help it, but the generally accepted pronunciation of Poland's seaport, Gdynia, is:
(*a*) *Gud-nee'-uh* (*b*) *Ga-din'-ya*
(*c*) *Gin'-ya* (*d*) *Chum'-ley*

14. One of the remarkable things about *Mein Kampf* is that in it Hitler:
(*a*) *barely mentions Jews*
(*b*) *condemns life in Old Vienna*
(*c*) *extols the written over the spoken word*

15. Well, if Gene Tunney can lecture at Yale on Shakespeare, a former wrestling champ can certainly become a college lecturer on philosophy. The man who recently did so is:
(*a*) *Frank Gotch* (*b*) *George Hackenschmidt*
(*c*) *Joe Stecher* (*d*) *Jim Londos*

16. If you were to meet a bushy-haired Russian named Eisenstein at an Elks' picnic, you could make small talk with him by saying:
(*a*) *"Still fiddling around with relativity?"*
(*b*) *"Did Hollywood get in your hair?"*
(*c*) *"I'll give a thousand toward cancer research."*
(*d*) *"Your sculpture, frankly, bores me."*

17. The reason why most big-time radio shows keep a program on the air in summer is:
(*a*) *to capitalize on portable radios in use*
(*b*) *to hold the time* (*c*) *to give performers a rest*

18. A development in Hollywood which may mean a higher average of good pictures is:
(*a*) *a percentage plan in place of salaries*
(*b*) *the Disney plan to produce regular films*
(*c*) *Joan Crawford's retirement* (*d*) *fed. censorship*

19. Think twice before you quickly decide which one of these 19th-century painters specialized in portraying ballet dancers:
(*a*) *Renoir* (*b*) *Degas* (*c*) *Monet* (*d*) *Seuret*

20. Hollywood, ever alert to the cultural needs of the times, is now in the midst of a new "cycle" of films dealing with:
(*a*) *the old wild West* (*b*) *lives of journalists*
(*c*) *gangsters* (*d*) *politicians* (*e*) *inventors*

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21. Which bears little or no relation to the fact that the federal public debt has now reached the staggering total of:
(*a*) *38 billion* (*b*) *42 billion* (*c*) *46 billion*

22. Do you know what purpose an enzyme serves in the human body?
(*a*) *controls glands* (*b*) *controls bone growth*
(*c*) *acts as a catalyst* (*d*) *reduces blood pressure*

23. Or, speaking of enzymes, which of these diseases is cured with nicotinic acid?
(*a*) *scurvy* (*b*) *syphilis*
(*c*) *pneumonia* (*d*) *pellagra*

24. When your six-year-old son named Claude, Clarence or Junior says, "Papa, what is a Texas Leaguer?" you'd confidently reply:
(*a*) "*A safe hit in baseball, Claude, landing beyond the infielders and shy of the outfielders.*"
(*b*) "*Any batsman who's a heavy hitter, Clarence.*"
(*c*) "*A long hit, over the fence.*"
(*d*) "*A phenomenally dumb player, Junior — the type who considers the 'hot foot' a subtle prank.*"

25. One of these compositions is listed with the wrong author:
(*a*) Finlandia—*Sibelius*
(*b*) St. Louis Blues—*W. C. Handy*
(*c*) Pines of Rome—*Puccini*
(*d*) Hold Tight—*Kent, Brandow, etc.*

26. The best way to store wines, in a cellar or cool place, is to have the individual bottles:
(*a*) *on their sides* (*b*) *bottoms up* (*c*) *cork ends up*

27. The difference between "metastasis" and "metatarsus" may be briefly summed up as follows:
(*a*) *One's a shift; t'other's a bone.*
(*b*) *The first means modeling; second's a drone.*
(*c*) *Latter is oxidation; former, a stone*

28. As a favor, please select the misspelled word:
"You attract me mightily, Greta Garbo. There is not an ounce of pusillanimity in your soul. Your occasional befuddlement only accellerates my heart beat, but at the moment, unfortunately, I happen to be married. Waiter, bring me a sarsaparilla!"

29. England's great naval base and the key to her Empire defenses in the East is located in:
(*a*) *Shanghai* (*b*) *Hong Kong* (*c*) *Sydney* (*d*) *Singapore*

30. Don't be too hasty about deciding what 18th century Englishman wrote the following lines:
Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is *Man.*
(*a*) *Jonathan Swift* (*b*) *Alexander Pope*
(*c*) *Robert Burns* (*d*) *Robert Southey*

31. When your little red-headed 8-year-old niece inquires, "What is the opera *La Traviata* all about?" you will tell her, simply:
(*a*) "*Oh — about love in bloom among the gypsies.*"
(*b*) "*It's based on the Boccacio tale of the noble lady and her handsome page boy.*"
(*c*) "*Well, it's just the old story of the coughing courtesan, Camille, and her pure young lover. You've read about her in progressive school.*"

32. The word "effete" is often misused. It really means:
(*a*) *worn out with age* (*b*) *overindulgent*
(*c*) *weak through malnutrition* (*d*) *sex-starved*

33. A device often used by American legislators to thwart nosy newspapermen is to:
(*a*) *talk off the record* (*b*) *buy them a drink*
(*c*) *ask senatorial privilege* (*d*) *adjourn sine die*

34. In one of these operas, the hero must laugh heartily even though his heart has been broken:
(*a*) La Boheme (*b*) Pagliacci (*c*) Manon (*d*) Louise

35. Amid all the talk about soaking the rich, the fact remains that the average worker pays out about ——% of his income in hidden taxes:
(*a*) *4%* (*b*) *12%* (*c*) *20%* (*d*) *30%*

36. Even though you slumbered through most of your college courses in English literature, you may have been awake long enough to remember the title of this splendid ballad of long ago:
As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the tither did say,
"Whar sall we gang and dine the day?"
(*a*) The Gay Goshawk (*b*) The Laily Worm
(*c*) Lord Randal (*d*) The Twa Corbies

37. Which of these noted fliers is married to a well-known financial man, and is a business-woman as well?
(*a*) *Ruth Nichols* (*b*) *Helen Richey*
(*c*) *Jacqueline Cochran*

38. One of the poets listed here is a Chinese, widely read in translation in this country and a man who can say a great deal in a few vivid words:
(*a*) *Tao-Yun* (*b*) *Li Po* (*c*) *Hitomaro* (*d*) *Saigho*
(*e*) *Yum-Yum* (*f*) *Chichi* (*g*) *Lao-tse*

39. And one of these men reached the South Pole first:
(*a*) *Stefansson* (*b*) *Amundsen* (*c*) *Scott*
(*d*) *Shackleton* (*e*) *Sverdup* (*f*) *Hiccup*

40. And betwixt three absurdities lies one shining truth:
(*a*) *A slice of eggplant makes a good sink strainer.*
(*b*) *Bessarabia borders on the Black Sea.*
(*c*) *Practically all babies are born blue-eyed.*
(*d*) *There are more editors than lawyers in insane asylums.*

(*Compiled and edited by* Jo Hubbard Chamberlin)

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The News Abroad

Things That Must Be Done

by **VERNON BARTLETT**

OLD DAME RUMOR has not been so busy since those days in August, 1914, when the Russian troops passed through England with the snow still on their boots. Today I have been assured, by people who had it straight from the horse's mouth and so on, that Germany is about to make (1) a surprise air attack on London, (2) an attack on Gibraltar, (3) an attack on Sweden, (4) an attack on Poland, (5) an attack on Greece, (6) all these attacks simultaneously. And the world is in such a stupid state that one dare not dismiss any of the rumors as absurd.

To some extent the initiative has passed to the antiaggression powers (one cannot call them the "democratic" powers when they include, for example, Poland and Greece), and that is both hopeful and dangerous. Hopeful, because their previous defeatism was making them objects rather of contempt than of pity. Dangerous, because Hitler and Mussolini must strike shortly or never — in a few months' time the forces of collective defense should be overwhelmingly strong, and these two men have now gone so far along the road toward criminal domination that one cannot easily see them consenting to be surburbanly respectable and to discuss their claims round the board-room table. And the pity of it is that, the further they go along that road, the less willing the other nations will become to listen to claims that are just.

In the words of a diplomat who was talking to me about the Bulgarian claim to the Dobruja, "you don't take an appendix out of a patient with a high fever."

How can the British Empire shorten the period of damnable uncertainty?

There are four things she must do.

First, she must make still more sure of American support.

President Roosevelt has uttered many words in defense of freedom which almost every citizen of the British Empire would have wished to hear uttered by the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The conviction that, even in the event of a completely successful "lightning" war (for the Germans will bank everything on a *Blitzkrieg* if they go to war at all) against Britain and France, there would still be America to fight would do more than anything else to deter Herr Hitler. And it should be the first task of any British government to see that the interval between the outbreak of a war and American intervention in it should be as short as possible.

But how? There is no reason why a single citizen of the United States should fight to uphold the British Empire, and, indeed, the isolationists would naturally do their best to see that he did nothing of the sort.

British policy should be such that it left no doubt in American minds that the struggle is for decency and justice and not for the maintenance of a British stranglehold over the world's raw materials or strategic lines of communication. If there is not so clear a difference between British and German aims and policies that the Americans unhesitatingly decide Great Britain is fighting their battle, then Britain has no right to demand their intervention. And, to make that difference clear, it is above all essential that the Prime Minister should drop his policy of trying to break the axis by bribing one end of it to betray the other. It is absurd to believe that, by condoning aggression in Albania, England is going to escape the consequences of condoning aggression in Spain.

It is true that the President's direct demand to Berlin and Rome is one of those gestures which changes the whole face of politics overnight. But it becomes ever more important that the British Government's policy be one which encourages him in his high endeavor. No single American must doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's ideals are shared by the British people.

In the second place, England cannot further delay convincing Germany that any war she started would be a war on two fronts.

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The idea of fighting again in eastern and western Europe at the same time is a nightmare to the average German, and for that reason the astonishing British decision to make Poland an ally (despite the "Corridor," Danzig, and the large national minorities) has almost certainly lessened the danger of war. But Poland is poor and ill-armed, and England could send her no help through the Baltic in the event of war. Far too much time has been lost while prejudiced British Conservatives tried to convince the Government that, if Russia were left alone, Germany would turn against her, and Communism and Fascism would conveniently destroy each other. By guaranteeing Poland and Rumania, the British Government has, in effect, given a guarantee to Russia herself; and, the sooner she makes that guarantee reciprocal by concluding a hard-and-fast alliance, the better.

Formula for Peace!

"We shall not be able to enjoy ourselves until Franco's widow tells Stalin on his deathbed that Hitler has been assassinated at Mussolini's funeral." — *Vernon Bartlett, as quoted in an Associated Press dispatch to the* New York Times.

The argument that Russia cannot fight is a nonsensical one. Russian war material proved of great value in Spain and China, and the Russian army is both far better trained and far better supplied than was the Russian army of 1914. And let no man forget that, had the Czarist troops not been able to keep so many German divisions busy in the east, the World War would have ended in a crushing German victory. England needs Allies where she can get them.

In the third place, England must see to her own defenses. She is not going to be saved merely by her own riches and other countries' soldiers.

The adoption of compulsory service is a major step forward, but it has come late.

Against air raids the British Isles are still tragicomically unprepared. There has not yet been, for example, a single "blackout" in London, and one dare not conceive of the panic that might follow if the Londoners' first lessons in getting around in the dark had to be learned in the middle of genuine and devastating air raids.

Even before war breaks out, there is war profiteering in England, and everybody knows it. The rise in the price of sandbags during the September crisis was only a very small illustration of a development that can be followed by anyone who watches the stock markets. Men would more willingly volunteer their lives if they did not believe that some form of conscription of wealth cannot and should not accompany the conscription of man power.

Another change should and must be in the composition of the Government.

It is not enough to bring in men like Anthony Eden and Winston Churchill or even Clement Attlee and Archibald Sinclair. The old men — old in ideas, rather than in years — must go.

Of what use is it to England to assure the world that she wants to build up collective security, if Mr. Chamberlain, who called sanctions "midsummer madness," is still Prime Minister? (For collective security can only be enforced by some collective sanction.)

If Sir John Simon, who dealt his first blow at collective security when Japan invaded Manchuria and his second when Italy was preparing to invade Abyssinia (and he would allow no hint of warning to be uttered at the Stresa Conference), is still Chancellor of the Exchequer?

If Sir Samuel Hoare, who pledged his country to League action in September, 1935, and produced the Hoare-Laval plan in December, 1935, as soon as his Government had succeeded in winning an overwhelming election majority on the strength of his pledge, is still Home Secretary?

These men have not the genuine confidence of the country, and they know it. They know it so well that they dare give no lead. In home affairs as well as in foreign affairs, they want to be pushed, with the result that England still has no policy on food storage, on deep shelters, on food production, and on half-a-dozen other matters of the most vital importance besides.

Small wonder that the dictators are tempted to believe that England is decadent and done with.

But they forget one thing.

They forget that the English people are still sound and still treasure their conceptions of freedom highly enough to fight for them — even though there is so little hatred in their hearts that they pray God they may never be called on to do so.

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Are Refugees a Liability?

A Debate

I—New Burdens for America

***by* HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD**

THE PRESENT REFUGEE PROBLEM constitutes one of the greatest challenges to human sympathy and altruism within the memory of the citizens of democratic lands. The natural and spontaneous reaction of most of us is to dig deep into our pockets in order to provide the material means for alleviating suffering. Another natural reaction is to suggest things that our "country" could and should do for these victims of foreign tyranny.

Were it not for the development of social science and the experience of past generations, this firsthand, rule-of-thumb, immediate type of relief might seem to be the most useful — in fact the only — way of helping those in distress. But a deeper insight into human relations warns us that the seemingly obvious way is not always the sound way and that indiscriminate personal benevolence may in the long run be detrimental rather than beneficial.

One of the earliest fields in which this truth was convincingly demonstrated was that of charity organization. The traditional conception of the way to help a needy individual was to give him a quarter or to fill his stomach with a nourishing meal. The doctrine that this simple, elemental procedure might not only do the recipient more harm than good but also would in the long run certainly tend to aggravate rather than to alleviate unfortunate social conditions aroused vigorous opposition from the conventionally minded philanthropist, and was eventually established as scientifically sound only after decades of struggle and demonstration.

Another important illustration is furnished by the struggle for the restriction of immigration in this country. The financial and social advantages won by hundreds of thousands of individual immigrants were so impressive and seemed so logical that it was easy to hurl the charge of callous indifference and selfishness against the one who would close our doors against any "honest, able-bodied foreigner" who desired to adopt the United States as his residence. Almost automatically the open-door policy was spoken of as the "liberal" view, while the champions of restriction were branded as "narrow" and "bigoted." Today, there are very few, even among the most ardent of former antirestrictionists, who do not admit that it really was a national necessity to narrow down the inlet for immigrants and that national disaster would have followed the failure to do so.

At the present time we are facing a similar situation with reference to the victims of the brutality of certain totalitarian states, particularly Germany. Confronted by the irrefutable evidence of the sufferings, indignities, and abominations to which the unacceptable elements in the population of these states are subjected, the sympathetic, broad-minded, and tender-hearted American citizen is naturally led to cry, "Let them come in here! Our country is big enough and rich enough to give them all a haven."

Such sentiments have, within the last year or so, been repeatedly expressed in liberal journals, and in this connection *The Nation* has twice made use of the term, "absorb." Further, The *New Republic* has declared: "We can see no possible reason why the unused quotas from other countries should not be transferred to the refugees."

To raise objections to such palpably kind and humane sentiments is no pleasant task. One who does so must accept the risk of being charged with narrowness, coldness, and selfishness. A choice variety of opprobrious labels will certainly come his way. But anyone who accepts the definition of liberalism as "the de-

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sire for the greatest good of the greatest number *over the longest stretch of time*" is forced to recognize several weighty arguments that reveal the obvious, immediate, individual treatment of the refugee as not only too simple but positively dangerous.

II

FIRST OF ALL, there are two perfectly definite reasons why all the unused quotas of other nationalities should not be turned over to refugees, with the prospect of admitting a half-million or so in three or four years.

The first is that anti-Semitism, deplore it as we may, is by no means an unimportant element in our own national sentiment.

A powerful undercurrent of antiforeignism runs just beneath the surface of our national life. From time to time in the past it has broken out in such manifestations as the Native American movement, the Know Nothing party, the A.P.A., and the recent version of the Ku Klux Klan. Sometimes its particular animosity is toward Roman Catholicism, sometimes toward racial differences, and sometimes toward "un-American" political doctrines. At all times it expresses a suspicion, distrust, and dislike of persons who do not conform to what is considered the right American pattern.

It is no service to liberalism or to the foreigner obstinately to blind one's vision to the existence of this sentiment. It is a reality, and liberalism demands that it be recognized and dealt with until it is eradicated. To ignore it will in all probability have the effect of intensifying it.

A part of the appallingly difficult task of true liberalism is to oppose and suppress this form of bigotry among one's own people. Unfortunately but undeniably, the procedure advocated by superficial liberalism would have precisely the opposite effect. Antiforeignism in general and anti-Semitism in particular are essentially quantitative phenomena. A community will accept with equanimity and indifference a small number of individuals who represent racial or cultural traits widely divergent from those looked on as "normal" or "native." But any increase in numbers of the outsiders to the point where they become definitely conspicuous is a sure signal for the rise of antipathy and perhaps active opposition. Whether the reasons for this be economic, religious, social, or truly racial need not concern us here. Illustrations of the truth of the principle might be multiplied but can be sufficiently typified by the study of Orientals on the Pacific coast.

Anyone who honestly recapitulates the conversations that he has heard at dinner parties, clubs, and miscellaneous gatherings within any recent period must admit that some degree of hostility or dislike of Jews in general is very widespread, even among the most broad-minded and kindly disposed of his associates. This kind of feeling is only potentially dangerous, for the very reason that it is to some extent counteracted by a genuinely humanitarian outlook.

But there is plenty of antipathy of a much more concentrated and irresponsible type. The statement has recently been given much authoritative support that there are already in existence in this country over eight hundred specific anti-Semitic organizations. Now the admission of several hundred thousand Jewish refugees might be precisely the stimulus needed to cause this sentiment to flare up into some kind of violent expression. And thus one of the last strongholds of tolerant and democratic behavior would begin to tremble at its foundation.

III

A SECOND OUTSTANDING REASON why a policy of indiscriminate liberalism is dangerous, when that policy takes the form of the unrestricted admission of refugees from despotic states, is that it serves as a standing invitation to any nation that wishes to get rid of its undesirable minorities to start persecuting them.

Poland has already officially brought this argument to the attention of the world.

A clear warning of her attitude appeared in the *New York Times* on December 23, 1938. This was followed about a month later by the following dispatch, also printed in the *Times*:

> Warsaw, Poland. December 21st. The Polish Political Information, the Foreign Office organ, again issued a statement. . . . Certain governments are strongly characterized because, it is stated, though they have at their disposal the means to solve the Jewish problem they underestimate its importance. The Political Information holds that they should in any case assist the emigration of Jews from countries such as Poland and not compel governments to resort to drastic measures.

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Anyone who is able to recognize a threat when he sees one must realize that these statements are saying in effect, "Must Poland and similar nations start persecuting their Jews in order to get rid of them?" And the position is strictly logical, granting the essential fascist psychological background. If the would-be democratic nations of the world open wide their doors to the victims of one country happening to be a leader in brutality, it is only to be expected that they will give similar treatment to victims of that country's emulators.

Now all this is not a demand for the complete cessation of refugee relief or the absolute closing of our doors to those who are fleeing from foreign barbarism. It is a plea for a cold-minded (not coldhearted) appraisal and analysis of the situation and an objective examination into the procedure demanded by true liberalism.

At the center of such an inquiry stands the question, "What of the future?" The answer to this question involves not only a penetrating examination of American national psychology but also a searching scrutiny of our material and emotional resources for relief.

Two letters addressed to *The Nation* asking for a detailed explanation of the meaning of the word "absorb" in its refugee connection have brought no printed rejoinder. The editors have failed to make clear whether by "absorb" they imply an addition to our existing relief rolls or whether they believe that, just because he is an alien refugee, an individual can find or make some job which no previous resident has been able to fill. Such words as "absorb" cannot be tossed about lightly in a nation which has allowed from ten to eighteen million of its own workers to remain unemployed for a decade and in which the Congress has cut down the relief appropriation a hundred fifty million dollars below the minimum amount indicated by the President as required for endurable existence.

It should again be recalled that many of the demands of the humanitarians are couched in broad national terms — vigorous statements as to what "our country" ought to do for the refugees. But "our country," as such, has no houses, no food, no jobs, and no appropriate land (see below) to give to individuals. Whatever is given to refugees must in the last analysis come out of the possessions of present residents, in the way of voluntary contributions, if they choose, or otherwise, in the form of taxation.

Many of those who are most vociferous in their assertions of what "we" ought to do for the refugees would speedily quiet down if it were proposed that some individual refugees should have their particular jobs or their land or should come to live in their houses. It is a decidedly vicarious unselfishness that lies behind these highly generalized protestations, when not backed up by willingness to make personal sacrifices.

The glimmering unreality of some of the concrete proposals, emanating from intelligent leaders of thought and opinion, is really appalling. Thus Lewis Mumford, in his recent stimulating and exciting book, *Men Must Act*, includes among his proposals a complete revisal of our immigration policy and makes this statement:

> With intelligent public aid they [the new refugee pioneers] could be distributed to just those parts of the country where their abilities and skills could be most fully used. There are regions like the Northwest, well endowed with resources, that are lonely for men.

How anyone in the least familiar with the facts of American unemployment, the dilemma of the Southern share croppers, the problems of surplus agricultural production, and the perplexities of the resettlement officials of the federal government can believe that there are still productive areas in this country that are "lonely for men" is difficult to comprehend. There is certainly enough of the pioneer spirit left in the old American stock so that, if there were good regions available where the settler could hew out a home for himself and make a decent living, there would be a new series of dust storms created by the wheels of the automobiles tearing in that direction.

By all means let us cultivate and express the deepest and truest sympathy for the sufferers of the incredible tyrannies in foreign lands. Let us tap the innermost resources of generosity and friendliness in giving them such aid as is truly constructive. But, in the name of all that is liberal, let us be realistic about it. Let us call on the resources of social psychology and scientific common sense to help us chart out a pathway that will offer the maximum hope of peace, justice, and essential democracy in the generations that are to come.

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II—America Needs Them

by **FRANK RITCHIE**

FOR MORE THAN 140 YEARS the United States, as a part of her traditional policy, has strongly encouraged European immigration. This American policy allowed more than thirty-eight million people to debark on our shores between the years 1820 and 1938. These were the men and women who pushed the frontiers of America westward, who built our railroads, populated our farms, developed our industries, and literally manned America. Their children are the Americans of today.

At the end of the last war the world was in turmoil. It was only to be expected that many wished to leave war-torn Europe and find a more peaceful existence across the sea. And it was then that the America which for nearly three years had been fed on ultranationalistic propaganda, an America whose nationalistic fervor had reached the point of hysteria, began to view the tide of postwar immigration with disfavor.

Under pressure from various groups, the traditional American policy was changed, and the restrictive immigration-quota law of 1921 was enacted. This law, amended in 1924 and 1929, now permits the entry of only 153,774 persons a year. Great Britain and Ireland alone were allotted 83,574 quota permits, 54 per cent of the total. In as much as comparatively few English and Irish are today among the immigrants to this country, the result has been that for the six-year period from July 1, 1932, through June 30, 1938, only 241,962 men, women, and children entered the United States — of a possible total of 922,644.

And even these figures do not represent a net increase of our immigrant population, for, during the same period, 246,449 persons left the United States for permanent residence elsewhere. Thus we find that there was actually a loss of 4,487 permanent residents, as the result of immigration and emigration, over this period of time.

During this same six-year period, which embraced the first five years of the National Socialist regime in Germany, only 45,952 Germans emigrated to the United States. If we add to this total the number of Germans who will have come to this country during the year ending June 30, 1939, we find that less than seventy-five thousand refugees from Germany (including Austria) will have found sanctuary here from Hitlerism.

Why, then, is there any refugee "problem" in the United States today, save as it exists in the minds of a few overzealous superpatriots and the people they have been able to influence? Surely seventy-five thousand German refugees do not constitute a threat to American labor, to American business or professional men, or to the American standard of living.

Rather, these men and women are a potentially great asset. The madness of Brown Bolshevism has presented us with the opportunity of admitting to our country educated, well-trained, skilled individuals who not only can fit readily into our economic and social life but also can furnish us with talents and industries we did not heretofore possess.

II

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE of the alleged fact that, because of our unemployment problem, refugees are a liability. On the one hand, it is argued that refugees will take jobs from American workers and, on the other, that the newcomers will flood the relief rolls.

Both assumptions are false.

In the first place, no German immigrant can secure a visa unless an American citizen has first guaranteed that he will not become a public charge. In the second place, of the total number of German refugees admitted since Hitler came into power, only a small fraction are eligible to enter the employment market.

Immigration statistics for the year ending in June, 1938, show that at least half the German refugees are women and that an additional 16 per cent are either under or over the age limits from which our workers are normally recruited. This means that about one third of the German immigrants can enter the employment market here — and the figure is further reduced when it is considered that some immigrants bring capital with them and set up their own businesses in this country.

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In Great Britain, according to figures presented to the House of Commons by Sir Samuel Hoare, British Home Secretary, eleven thousand refugees have made jobs for fifteen thousand native-born Englishmen.

In this connection it is pertinent to point out that every period in American history which saw a great influx of immigrants was followed within a comparatively short time by a rise in the prosperity of the country. At the present time it is also true that, in spite of our unemployment, there is an actual shortage of skilled labor in some fields.

The idea that we should discourage immigration because of existing unemployment is wholly erroneous. It is based on the notion that an increase in the number of residents in the country necessarily means an increase in the amount of unemployment. Following this line of reasoning, we reach the conclusion that a reduction in the number of residents would produce a reduction in the number of those out of work (which does not jibe with the widely urged belief that a declining birth rate means declining prosperity). Among the corollaries that follow this conclusion — and some of which have actually been proposed — are the elimination of women from all employment and the maintaining of all children in school until the age of twenty-five or so. Such loose thinking ignores the fact that these people are consumers, that a reduction in their number means a lower rate of production and a contraction of the standard of living. It is utterly absurd to assume that that country is most prosperous which has the smallest number of people — an assumption which follows logically from these arguments.

It has been further claimed that the admission to this country of refugees from Germany will result in the rise of prejudice and internal dissension.

To slam shut the gates of immigration for such a reason is tantamount to admitting that American democracy has failed in the past and no longer exists today.

It is true that, in years past, the presence of large numbers of immigrants has brought brief periods of such feeling. It is not true that these epidemics affected a majority of Americans or that they left a lasting mark on our society. American democracy has demonstrated its ability in the past to overcome prejudice and has progressively strengthened its tradition of good neighborliness. There is every reason to believe that the present-day descendants of earlier Americans will continue to maintain that tradition.

While the majority of German refugees already in this country are of the Jewish faith, the statistics show that more than one third are Catholics and Protestants. George Rublee, in his report as Chairman of the Intergovernmental Commission on Refugees, further pointed out that, of those in central Europe in need of evacuation, 45 per cent are Jewish, and 55 per cent Christian, although partly of Jewish blood.

There is thus reason to believe that the future refugee immigration will show a larger proportion of non-Jews.

All humanitarian considerations aside, Americans must look on these refugees as valuable assets cast adrift by the totally illogical policies of Nazi Germany.

For instance, to maintain and educate a child up to the age of fifteen years costs, according to various estimates, from $4,543 to $6,277. But in each adult German refugee America receives a fully trained individual at no cost to her whatever.

America's problem is to exploit that training to its fullest potentiality and in those communities which can benefit most by it. Chambers of commerce in many of our smaller towns have frequently campaigned for new industries and for workmen to operate them. Germany's skilled mechanics and highly trained steel and optical workers, to mention only a few, can and are supplying these industries.

New avenues for foreign trade have been transferred by refugees from their native Germany to America. The cultural contribution of refugees to American life, exemplified in such men as Thomas Mann, Max Reinhardt, Albert Einstein, Heinrich Bruening, and others too numerous to mention is already widely recognized. The contribution of the average man and woman who has fled Germany, though less familiar and obvious, is in the aggregate equally important. Ignoring for the present all humanitarian considerations and considering only those which affect our economic and social life, America can look forward to profit and new achievement from the admission of German refugees.

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Impressions of America

by **G. B. STERN**

It was thrilling, on my first night in New York, to fall asleep knowing that I would wake in the morning and see again from my windows that breathtaking landscape of tall towers so felicitously grouped against the sky, strong and yet remote, the fairy-tale illustrations, come true at last, that we had loved as children.

Yet, back in England, I am conscious, too conscious, that the earth is flat, the earth is very flat. The air is flat; life is flat. This may seem an ungrateful statement, and should be punished, of course, by an immediate earthquake in Piccadilly, of which I should be sole victim.

Nevertheless, every English person who has been to America will agree with me that, symbolically speaking, England is indeed curiously flat.

You return home thinking, "Nice to be home!" and you wake up in the morning after your arrival saying "Nice! I'm at home." Your relations and friends are pleased to see you — not exuberantly pleased but nicely pleased. And everybody says, "How was America?" and listens to your enthusiastic answers for the first five minutes but then indicates, nicely enough, that six minutes is too long for a description of the last six months and you should now endeavor to transfer your interest to more local matters.

During the first few days at home you continue to wonder what is the matter with you. You think, "Am I sickening for something?" You think, "I'm out of touch; that's what it is." Finally, you surrender to the fact that you have the audacity to be homesick for an America which is not your home at all.

For at least, when you come to America, the earth does quake. In America, you are an event; in America you are spoiled; in America, your American friends and your English friends who live there permanently and have caught the atmosphere welcome you as though they had been waiting with animation suspended, kept on a tight leash, until you arrived.

And this goes for not only your friends but strangers, people you have met once only (at a party three years ago), people who have heard about you, people who love the English, people who want to know what you think of Mr. Eden, people who want to know what you think of anybody. They stress your personality; they create charm in you by emphasizing it long before it is there; they *care*. They want to hear you; they want to see you. You are not only an event — you are temporarily their darling, the most brilliant woman in the world. It is all the difference between an ardent lover and a kind but indifferent husband. Your happiness matters to them; your preferences matter and where you are going this evening and where after that. You are the Wise Woman of the medieval village, with a panacea for all ills; you have come from enchanted countries; you are a part of old history; you're a thrill.

And this pleasant excitement, this infectious friendliness does not immediately die down, as in children whose curiosity has been satisfied. It goes on and on; it is bred of the tingle in the climate and the upward swing of the skyscrapers, the uninhibited life of America's uninhibited soul which rushes out to meet and join with the life which America presupposes is in your soul already.

You add all these exhilarating tributes, this exhilarating appreciation, to the perpetual excitement of your night view, from the twentieth floor, of Fifth Avenue galloping like a greyhound north to the horizon — its long chain of traffic lights brilliantly flashing from rubies to emeralds and back again to rubies — while, on either side of it, a million lit cubes unwinking, the towers of Manhattan stand tall and strong and grave; you add it all to the pace and flavor of the idiom, the snap and the tingle in

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the air, the warmth of welcome, the keen interest and true kindness, and the result is that when you get home to England, you feel — flat.

Now I do not want to suggest that my own country treats me badly and ungenerously; she treats me as, with very few exceptions, she treats any other suspicious character connected with the Arts. The English know well enough that I am not an oracle and a Wise Woman, the epitome of culture, the most fascinating personality of my time. It is unfortunate for me that they should know all this, but they do; for England has been going on for a longer time than America, and has been disillusioned far more often. England knows, in fact, that authors are two a penny.

When an unknown lady stops me on Fifth Avenue and exclaims, "I recognized you by your hair and I love your books!" I realize that there may be unknown ladies in England who would recognize me by my hair and, it may be, love my books; but they would not stop me in Regent Street, because it would be an odd, impulsive action that might be misunderstood; because it might make me conceited (it has!); because they would not *care* enough.

Ladies in Pursuit of Culture

I WAS AMAZED to discover that in America most of my lectures took place at eleven o'clock in the morning and that my audiences consisted almost invariably of women.

I had heard, of course, of the women's clubs of America but I had not mentally visualized an actual spectacle of six hundred of them sitting trustfully in rows, mysteriously elated at the certain prospect of a lavish feast of spirit and intellect from one who was "in touch with" living art and literature at its source.

For this, I think, is an obsession with the American woman — and a very admirable obsession. The phrase was used again and again in my brief conversations with individual members of my audiences when the actual lectures were over. "We do so love keeping in touch." "We may be out of the way, here, but we keep in touch." The word "touch" may almost be used literally; it is disconcerting that they should feel there is a magical benefit to be gained by actually seeing, knowing, "touching" an individual no different from themselves, who, however, has "made a name." They believe that anyone who has "kept in touch" and "made a name" deserves it, has made a name for some clear and good reason — a reason that will shimmer like a halo round his head.

Names are, indeed, extremely important in America — as mysteriously important as in universal folklore and legend. Introductions are a matter of urgent information, not a mere slurred courtesy. Most American men will tell you their mothers' maiden names and most American women their names before they married as though these were facts still tangibly influencing their lives (I remembered that it was America which started the Lucy Stone League).

In England, people are interested in the creation but not especially in the creator. In America, they are as passionately interested in the tree as in the blossom and fruit. This is flattering, although one cannot but feel somewhat inadequate in the role of magician, Socrates, and peddler of *elixir vitae* and other sovereign remedies.

An elderly American lady with a very sweet face and confiding manner once asked me what she was to do about her grandchildren, who were staying out too late at nights and would not tell her where they had been. This lady did not even stay to wonder whether I had grandchildren of my own. It was enough for her that I was an author with the glamour of Europe on me, brimming with wisdom, a potential answer to any and every problem. It did not occur to her to ask advice not of me but of her old friend who lived in the next block and had had endless experience of difficult grandchildren.

Yet I can imagine the brisk aside of her English prototype: "Ask *her* about my grandchildren! Bless you, why should I? She hasn't got any of her own. These writers don't know anything about life; they get it all from books."

A well-known American author has told me how he had lectured for three months and, growing a little tired of the strain of maintaining beautiful behavior and elevated morals, let his performance rip in the last lecture of all and flung forth whatever reckless wickedness and devastating cynicisms entered his head. When he had finished, he waited for the roof to fall and crush him. Then he became aware of a little silvery lady tippeting toward him from the audience, the first to reach him from the crowd. "Oh, Mr. X," she exclaimed, "how *glad* I am to find that we are both idealists!"

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Men vs. Women

It has been said in dispraise of a certain type of woman: "Oh, she can never be happy unless there's a man about"; and I should like to point out that I am not, I hope, in this category. Nevertheless, I cannot help asking myself why any six hundred women would sit to all appearances perfectly happy at that preposterous hour of the morning (preposterous, I mean, for lectures), perfectly happy in each other's company, perfectly happy in the anticipation of listening presently to all the culture and gaiety and wisdom of Europe concentrated into one voice, perfectly happy at the idea of luncheon afterwards (or, if the lecture happened to be at three in the afternoon, of tea afterward), perfectly happy in their plans and organizations for the next few days and weeks and months, and perfectly happy that the male was included in none of these plans and did not apparently enter their lives at all until just before dinner that evening.

It is perhaps putting it too strongly to state that European women only mark time during the day, looking on it as a mere interval until they can reunite with their men, whether husbands, fathers, courtiers, in the evening. Yet it seems to me that, in America, women do not only have to pretend they enjoy an active life apart from their men but do find definite stimulation in rubbing shoulders with one another. In England, we are apologetic over "hen" luncheons. I cannot imagine that it would ever occur to an American woman to apologize because no men were present.

The habit is dying out, I believe, in England nowadays, of leaving the gentlemen in the dining room for spicy, male-flavored conversation over the port and walnuts, while the ladies (God bless 'em) go mincing upstairs to the drawing room, bestowing sweet smiles, as they pass, on the gentleman gallantly holding open the door, murmuring perhaps: "Don't be too long!" But in America, to my astonishment, the old tradition still holds — yes, even in Hollywood. Americans must feel that there is some peculiar virtue or magic in this Old-World social custom.

At one party in Hollywood, the gentlemen (God bless 'em) forgot to come upstairs at all; and by 3:00 A.M. the ladies were like wounded animals at bay, raging round the drawing room, biting the Louis furniture (we always have Louis furniture in Hollywood — the Louiest furniture); but the gentlemen were lost in an involved discussion on the Retroactive Assessment of Taxes for Screen Writers and Actors.

There is little sense in this arbitrary division of good company into two sets of bad company. It can without regret be discarded, go into the rubbish bin with other dusty Victorian relics of false modesty, self-conscious coarseness, and artificial shame. That it should still so frequently occur in America is either a curious testimonial to Americans' capacity for gilding with glamour any European antique, providing it be old enough, or else this separation of the sexes during the day, this resolution on the part of the women to stress their own lives, has gone so far that even when they reunite with men in the evenings the women have little in common with them and are only too glad to separate once more and talk of matters that have become of greater importance.

Thus, American marriage is becoming a little mechanical, and American women are slowly developing a sort of bright sexlessness reminiscent of Huxley's *Brave New World*.

Yet marriage is not unpopular in America. On the contrary, I have met a great many couples of whom the man has been in physique or in brain so decidedly the inferior of the woman that I could only suppose she had married him having calmly decided that any sort of husband was somehow necessary for her intended pattern of existence.

After an unemotional routine marriage, the women, if they are not regular workers, begin to organize this daylight life of their own — a life of local clubs and lectures and lunches, museums and serious reading and serious patronage of the arts.

In the evening when the husband comes home, there is probably quite a sharp unspoken struggle over what should happen next. He is likely to be tired and subconsciously in need of some old-fashioned rest and coddling, pretty comments on his victories of the day, or pretty encouragement in case the day has been unsuccessful. He might not even object to hearing that outworn phrase, "It's been so dull without you; I'm so glad you're home."

But the American wife appears physically stronger than her male; often she is a good deal younger; and the most strenuous day spent in

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the company of her own sex has sapped none of her vitality. She wants to entertain, to be taken out, perhaps made love to in an exciting modern sort of way — not in the romantic way of Rochester and Jane Eyre but more in that style of inverted romanticism which tough fiction has made her believe is today's reality of lovemaking: the style of Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Dashiell Hammett, James Cain, John O'Hara. Girls used to be disillusioned of their male wooers because they were not fascinating and eloquent; now they are disappointed with them because they are not brutal.

Yet, as I remarked, marrying is part of the American woman's pattern, the pattern which in my opinion will not prove wholly successful. For, in the bright, sharp colors of their weaving, the women do not understand that tired men in today's tiring universe have not changed their fashion of dreams as much as women; men still dream of working in a world of men and taking holidays in a world of men — shooting, drinking, hunting, or just lying back and taking their ease; and, in this dream pattern, women are back again where they used to be, representing rest and admiration. Men vaguely miss admiration from their lives, as modern boys and girls are vaguely missing the old-fashioned rocking-chair and cradle songs — a sort of crooning in the background. I am convinced that, in their dream pattern, husbands still divide up their sex life between wives, who will softly submit to the inevitable, and gay ladies, who will give them one hell of a time. Their pattern obviously does not combine with the women's pattern; hence more and more do the sexes tend to live in separated circles.

The Young in Heart

THEN WHAT about the next generation — the young people, the students, the boys just entering on their careers, the debutantes?

More than in any other subject, more even than in scientific achievement, the intelligent younger generation is now interested in politics and economics. At college, these youngsters read mostly political biographies and autobiographies. Science is too flamboyant, too sensational; but politics and the pronouncements of great men on the economic condition of the world are (they think) facts and truth and reality. It has not occurred to them that perhaps Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes" is solid rock compared with these fairy tales that change and float and have no substance.

I heard the word "progressive" more often in America than in England; I believe Americans must have some sort of illusion about progress, which is, after all, no more than a journey round a circle.

The odd difference in their point of view, as contrasted with ours, is that the American worker (man or girl) takes it as a matter of practical expedience to change from one job to another as often as possible; even if the change should be hazardous, at least they prefer it to the slowness and safety of remaining where they are and hoping gradually to climb to the top of the same organization. In America, it is a recommendation when you say you have changed your job seventeen times in the last three years; but, in England, a more suspicious, less enterprising community will shake its head and declare that a man can be no good if he could not contrive to stick to the firm which first employed him and serve it well and faithfully without looking to the right or the left. If he changed often, the argument would be that his employers were not satisfied with him and he knew it or that he had a restless, unsatisfactory streak in his nature. In England they would perpetually remind him that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

It is amusing that what is a label of reproach in one country should be a testimonial to keenness and initiative in the other. The reason is, of course, that the English employee has terror in his bones; his longing is all for safety. Let firebrands strive to stir him with a whisper: "You're in a rut!" Well, the rut has high, comforting walls; all the better if one cannot climb out of them — it proves that nothing perilous can climb in. But the American employee has not had so many hundreds of years in which to worry about unemployment; unemployment and other distressful economic ills of the age bring forth cries of incredulous rage and rebellion from American optimism — a naïve disbelief that this can possibly be happening to them.

Yet never will you Americans yield, as we do, to the God of things-as-they-are. America is a land where you may seek the quality of resignation but will not find it.

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Economists Are No Prophets

by **WALTER A. TERPENNING**

THE MODERN PROPHETS of the business cycle remind one of the ancient prophetess of Troy.

According to the old Homeric legend, the god Apollo fell in love with Cassandra, daughter of Priam, King of Troy, and agreed to bestow on her the gift of prophecy if she would submit to his desires. After receiving the gift, Cassandra refused to carry out her part of the bargain, and Apollo, enraged at her duplicity, revenged himself by ordaining that her prophecies should be forever discredited, that, scream her prophetic warnings as she might, no one should ever believe her. Hence it came about that, when she foretold the fall of Troy and repeatedly warned the Trojans against taking the wooden horse inside the walls, no one paid any attention to her. "That's only Cassandra," said they. "She's always prophesying something or other." So they tied ropes to the great horse and tugged and pulled and dragged it triumphantly into the city — whereupon all Cassandra's dire prophecies came true. The Greeks hidden in the horse poured out and opened the gates, and the Greek armies swarmed in.

It once was customary to stone prophets, and, judging from their twentieth-century descendants, many of them deserved it. With the progress of humanitarian sentiment, however, the most that can be hoped is that the present prognosticators will, like Cassandra, be discredited.

With the increasing scope and intensity of our depression, it is not surprising that the greatest of all depressions has produced a large-scale demand for governmental intervention and industrial co-operation in a program for the control of business cycles.

If, in 1929, there were twenty millions of American families whose incomes were too low to allow for a reasonable standard of living, as reported by the Brookings Institution, what must have been the case in 1933, when retail business had dropped 49 per cent, as reported by the United States Department of Commerce? It was at that time that Will Rogers said, "Even the folks who never intended to pay are not buying."

The economic loss represented by the great depression is estimated as sufficient to have replaced our whole industrial plant with new building and equipment. The social costs, in broken families, malnutrition of the younger generation, increasing crime, the denial of life itself to many thousands because of the effect on the birth rate, and the general demoralization and disorganization, are perhaps greater than the economic costs. The insecurity implicit in the cyclical fluctuations of business threatens our most productive capitalistic system of economy and our democratic civilization.

The demand for a solution of the problem of cycles has brought forth a supply of conflicting and contradictory panaceas. The schemes suggested by businessmen are too diverse for classification, and economists who have accepted the challenge have to be classified into at least half a dozen schools of thought. Among these are the astronomical school, the overproduction school, the underconsumption school, the money-economy school, and the psychological school.

Regardless of the confusion of tongues, the contradictory views of the nature of the business cycle, the diversity of programs for control, and the unhappy results of recent ex-

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periments, all classes are persistent in their demands for action in the interest of stabilization. It is, therefore, time to take stock of the difficulties which must be encountered in the execution of any positive business-cycle policy.

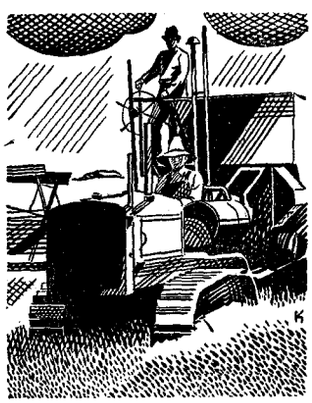
One of the minor difficulties is the question of how to obtain teamwork. We are faced with the necessity of gaining not only a thoroughgoing national co-operation of government, business, and labor but also of gaining international teamwork. The hair-trigger hostilities in our international relations, our own rabid political partisanship, our sectional conflicts, our industrial warfare, and our traditional individualism make any optimism concerning our co-operative capacity seem slightly superficial.

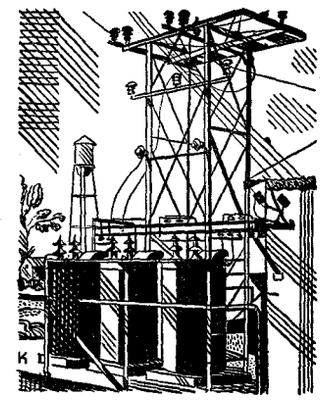
Childlike Faith

The one rock on which the execution of any business-cycle policy is most likely to go to wreck is, however, the necessity for prediction in such execution. It is generally agreed that every step in any program must be accurately timed. In view of the increasingly roundabout nature of production and in view of the necessity for an increasingly long-time anticipation of demand in an individualistic economy, even the laissez-faire policy of letting the cycle take its uncomfortable course would be accompanied by an urgent clamor for prediction to enable producers to practice a passive adaptation.

This demand for the fortunetelling function has put economists on the spot. They have been ordered to stand and deliver on the subject of future business trends or else admit that their science is an impractical abstraction designed for the mental discipline of sophomores and the satisfaction of intellectual curiosity.

A multitude of economists has accepted the challenge, until now they rival in numbers the numerologists, the astrologers, the palmists, the psychics, and the seventh daughters of seventh daughters born with a caul. They have extended their necks in reckless fashion, and, in their hands, economics is undergoing a metamorphosis from the "gloomy science" of Adam Smith to a science of high comedy.





The necessity of having business forecasters has mothered a motley lot of methodological inventions. Economists are in as unanimous disagreement concerning these inventions as they are concerning the conclusions derived from their use.

The American school posits its faith in quantitative analysis. It wallows in statistics and wears out lead pencils by the carload in computing coefficients of correlation, leading indices, sliding averages, and isolated time series. Economists of this school measure everything measurable and then draw cuts to determine which quantity has any significance. Their method would be faultless, except that pure statistics can tell us only one thing, namely, what has happened in the historical past.

The method of the statistical fiends is identical with that of the army doctor who decided that sauerkraut was a cure for typhoid fever when he heard of a foot soldier who had recovered from the disease after having accidentally eaten a mess of that delicacy. When he tried the same remedy, with fatal results, on a cavalryman, he decided by the same reasoning that everything depended on the branch of the service the patient belonged to.

Statistics alone can no more tell us what is going to happen in the realm of anything human than statistics alone can predict the number of progeny which the Dionne quintuplets will produce. No method has been invented for predicting the acts of God or the acts of Congress or the economic and social results of either.

Yet, in spite of all statistical limitations, an army of business forecasters presumes to tell us with percentile accuracy what ten million businessmen are going to do month by month for a year or two in advance. Some of these forecasters go the limit of telling us what politicians are going to do, as well as what politicians ought to do.

A sample letter from one of these, together

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with a very special offer of a three months' subscription for thirteen letters at the nominal fee of three dollars, has just come to hand in time to serve as a guide to the investment of the honorarium for this article. It makes the very profound statement that the future of business depends largely on the policies of government and on how the public regards those policies. It suggests an industrial upswing of 15 per cent during the year. A better basis for forecasting judgment would be what the writer and 129,999,999 other consumers are about to do. The writer would gladly subscribe three dollars for dependable information as to what he is going to do for the next twelve months, to say nothing of the other 129,999,999.

The current letter of another agency neglects to give exact percentages but announces that a business revival is on the way, adding the disheartening caution that recovery will not proceed without checks. Did anyone ever hear of a recovery which did proceed without checks? Such a pronouncement shows unusual conservatism, but there is still the risk that business, like Corrigan, may get confused in its reckoning and proceed, with or without checks, in the opposite direction.

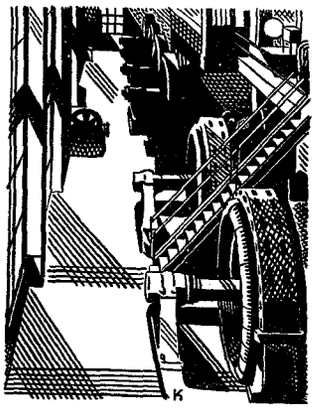
Since the reports of these crystal readers on future trends are all minority reports and since there are only two directions in which the capricious cat of business conditions can jump, some of them have had to be right some of the time; but the batting average of the best of them is low. The investors and speculators who have lost their shirts in taking the prognostications of business-cycle tipsters too seriously will hardly need any other argument to deflate their faith, but it seems incontestable that the rank and file of businessmen, politicians, and even economists are still oversold on the possibilities of accurate forecasting. The demand of the gullible still equates a large-scale supply of business barometers and other forecasting services at prices ranging from twelve dollars a year up.

Perhaps the limits of economic asininity are reached when economists are unable to inhibit the impulse to communicate their premonitions in regard to national endurance and proceed to set the day and the hour when the financial structure of an Italy will collapse as a result of an Ethiopian campaign or when the downfall of a Germany will ensue because of a Hitler's drive for self-sufficiency or when the complete exhaustion of the resources of a Japan will end a war in China. Such pronouncements are as presumptuous as the prayer of the New Englander, "Strange as it may seem, Oh Lord, it is nevertheless so."

Back to A, B, C's

The forecasting business has been flourishing of late, but there is danger that it will eventually reach the point of diminishing returns, unless the augurers observe certain common-sense considerations. They would, for example, do well to emulate the religionists, who have learned to confine their prophecies to long-time forecasts — such as the end of this world or the eventualities of the next — and thus avoid being checked up in their own generation. Our forecasters must learn to make use of the old Latin phrase, *ceteris paribus* — other things being equal — or of that face-saving invention of the classical economists, "in the long run." With an increasingly liberal interpretation of the Constitution, there is no likelihood that a gentlemen's agreement for the industry of forecasting would be considered in restraint of trade; and more unanimity would enhance the asset of good will. Most of all, the forecasters need frequent reminders of the difficulties of their vocation.

They can get such reminders by reviewing their first assignment in elementary economics. In that assignment they learned that the capitalistic economy is characterized by free enterprise, extreme specialization and complexity, and a roundabout system of production.



The freedom of enterprise leaves the direction of business and of in-

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dustry to the whims of individuals. Some thought given to the whimsicality and general cantankerousness of human nature would justify a moderate conservatism in predicting any kind of human activity.

Economists have shown great originality in the selection of an illustration to show the complexity of the industrial system. The history of the production of a pin, a textbook, or a woolen shirt will show that the ends of the earth are brought together and that every phase of the economic order is involved in the productive process. An occasional perusal of Chapter I will suggest to the business forecasters that at least a few paragraphs of the last chapter in economics, that on business cycles, has not yet been written and that, when it is written, the explanation will not be a simple one.

If our capitalistic system is really characterized by a roundabout process of production, involving the making of machines to make machines and involving a number of stages, as the textbooks claim, time must be allowed for the interference of a variety of influences. It may be discovered that all the particularistic theories of causal factors and controlling influences, including the revolutions of Venus and the recurrence of sunspots, advocated by the present monoptic seers, are one-thousandth right and that, added to these and in interaction with them, there are innumerable others which must be taken into consideration.

How Not to Get Rich

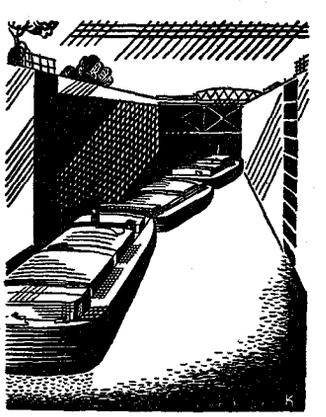
Another elementary assignment which seems to have been skipped by the authors of forecasting services is the assignment on the subject of speculation. It seems there are only two requisites to successful speculation: (1) something with which to speculate and (2) dependable information on future trends. Lower administrative costs would be entailed if the informers, instead of collecting twelve dollars a year from other people for inside information on the imminent fluctuations in business, would use this dope themselves in getting rich in the stock market. If their prophecies are discredited in their own minds, they are in a worse state than was Cassandra.

Another point in connection with speculation which would put prophets of the business cycle in a quandary is the fact that successful speculation stabilizes business conditions. When the speculator in wheat futures discovers that there is to be a bumper crop, he sells for future delivery. His selling tends to lower the present price. The lower price tends to increase the present consumption of wheat. The increased consumption prevents the supply of wheat from being so large at the time the crop comes on the market, and the price, therefore, does not drop as low as it would have done had the speculator not intervened. Such an elementary truth means that, even if the business dopesters were agreed, there are only two possibilities of their being right. Like Cassandra, they would have to be entirely discredited or else they would have to keep their prophecies a dark secret.

Business is like the Irishman who said that, if he knew where he was going to die, he would not go there. If business knew where it was going, it would doubtless go in any other direction or else stay put.

One of the closest approaches to agreement which the forecasters have ever made has been in their persistent predictions of inflation during this Democratic administration. Either they were in the situation of the fellow who mistook some other noise for a call to preach, or their prophetic pronouncements were taken sufficiently seriously to throw the inflation off schedule.

The most humorous or, perhaps, pathetic of these pronouncements was made at about the time of the beginning of the present recession. Several analysts were advising clients to hedge the imminent inflation by buying farmland. One well-known analyst was going so far as to tell his subscribers where to buy the land and what to raise on it. His oracle said for them to purchase land near a college town,



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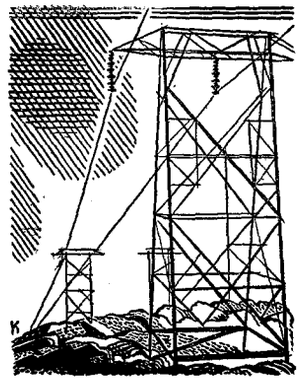
where they could find a market for garden produce. Had an inflation instead of a deflation been on the way and had investors acted on the advice of this Delphic spokesman, the sudden rise in land values around college towns would have made farmland the least likely commodity in which to hedge. It would also have been discovered, in the marketing of the first crop of truck, that college towns are already well supplied with such products. It is seldom that ordinary soothsayers make three mistakes in one reading.

Groping in the Dark



When the forecaster has reviewed his economics, he might proceed with a cultural education, including some history, political science, psychology, and poetry. A sociological sage has said that the poets know most about the social process, and one William Shakespeare has observed:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Members of the older generation know what the quotation means. A log was rolled up on skids, and a line struck along its side. The score hackers, or roughhewers, then stood on the log and hacked into it to the depth of the line, after which the master carpenter, destiny, came along with his broadax and did most of the shaping.

So intimate and organic is the relation between society and the individual that one may expect to find a social fact to compare with every individual fact. Just as the individual life exhibits many unconscious and mysterious phases, such as digestion and the circulation of the blood, so the social process is characterized by many phases of which the members of society are unaware. The man who invented the steam engine had no idea that he was starting an industrial revolution. We were unaware that the industrial revolution was still in process in the 1920's until the publication of the Brookings report which showed that the efficiency of industry had increased 25 per cent during that decade. We usually discover what has been going on long after it happens — and then we proceed to explain how it happened.

The unconscious forces which carry us on we know not whither are usually referred to as deity or destiny or fate. Whatever their names, they are still there, and economists must reckon with them. Science has widened the limits of human comprehension; but it is still like the dim lantern of the nighttime traveler in a dense forest, a weak light which lights up his immediate vicinity, while beyond is impenetrable darkness. In the realm of economic affairs we are especially unconscious of the larger process. Each of us hacks away at economic life with his small hatchet. Destiny does most of the shaping.

If anyone addresses us with the salutation, "How's business?" we may reply with some assurance but, if anyone asks us how business is going to be tomorrow, we had better imitate the recitations of some of our students and frankly admit, "I do not know."

The business cycle is a phenomenon of capitalistic economy. That economy began with the beginning of the industrial revolution. During the first century of its life, students of our economic order were preoccupied with the study of the factors which made for equilibrium. Only very recently have students of economics been concerned with the factors which more or less periodically throw the system out of balance.

The capitalistic economy is still young, no more than in its adolescent stage. It is too soon to judge of its mature nature. Until this economy does reach maturity and until we accumulate much more pertinent data concerning its peculiarly erratic growth and life process, we may do well to inhibit our prophetic propensities.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Until we know much more, we shall, for the most part, have to allow our businessmen and our statesmen to take their tides at the flood by accident.

In an early issue:
a formula for industrial harmony,
presented by Bruce Johnstone

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(Signed) The Forgotten Man

by **JOHNSTON AVERY**

THIS IS AN ARTICLE by a thousand authors. A thousand different persons, residing in forty-two different States, have contributed to its preparation.

Each of these was concerned over the affairs of the government. Each had something to say. Each had some very definite conviction as to what ought or ought not to be done. Each was sufficiently aroused to sit down and write his views to Robert H. Jackson, Solicitor General of the United States. And I have been in Mr. Jackson's mailbag. I have just read a thousand letters.

The issue raised was the one issue which seems to arouse the people most today. Partisans would state it in different forms. One would ask: Are the practices of big business dangerous to the continuance of small independent industry? Another would inquire: Is the Administration stirring up class war by arraying the masses against those who employ labor? And each would answer: Yes.

That was the question, in whatever form you wish to put it, which inspired these thousand letters. Yet it is not the number who favored or opposed which interests me. There is neither enlightenment nor dependability in a mathematical poll of that sort. It is the state of mind of each group that seems important. What do they think and how intensely do they think it? That is important to know.

These letters fell naturally into three piles, each distinctive of one school of thought. In the first pile were placed the letters from opponents of the Administration; in the second pile were letters from persons who supported the Administration but were primarily interested in some plan of their own; and in the third pile were letters of enthusiastic support. The obviously crank letters were thrown out altogether.

The opponents of the Administration did not provide any thought which had not previously appeared in the press. To reproduce in detail the arguments they used would be to reproduce what most of us have already read. A summary will suffice.

An amazingly large number were personally abusive of the man to whom they wrote. They thought he was insincere, that his only motive was to win votes, that he would actually endanger civilization to snare an office for himself. The "you have never met a payroll" argument was the most popular verbal club with which to beat him over the head.

Next came the contention that the Administration's fight on business is driving down stocks and thus dissipating the income of widows and orphans. Cases were cited wherein a declining market, resulting from "this attack on business," was causing suffering. One doctor wrote that a patient was apt to die as a result and "I shall consider you largely responsible for his death."

The lack of an Administration policy was the third most popular argument. We don't need to spend much time reviewing that contention, since the editorial writers and commentators have left nothing to be said. The policy under the NRA was contrasted with the newer policy of an antimonopoly drive, with what appeared to the writers to be with devastating effect. "What is poor business to do in the face of this pepper-box policy which is apt to shake out anything," cried one man whose sentiments are shared by many.

Next came the affirmation of faith in business leaders. These particular writers would prefer to follow the leadership of certain big businessmen rather than the leadership of those now in charge of the government. This nation, they contend, has been made what it is by the genius of its great business leaders, and it will be wrecked, if it is wrecked, by the leadership of government officials unskilled in business.

A small, but yet amazing, number believe

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that the President and his advisers are deliberately attempting to undermine the American system. And there are always the extremists, usually anonymous, who say the President is crazy and is trying to set himself up as dictator.

There is no desire to dismiss the arguments against the Administration, but at the same time there is no need to repeat arguments grown familiar with use.

II

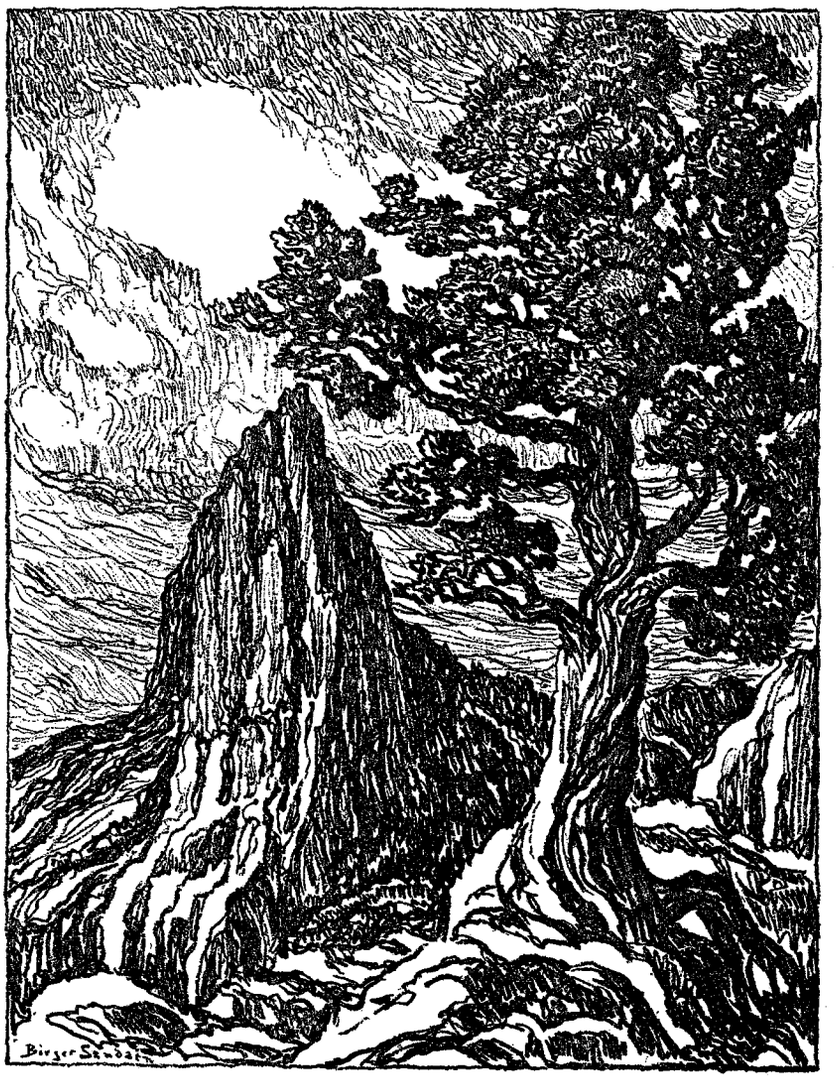
FROM THE POINT of interest, therefore, let us get to the views of the voiceless masses, who, from this sample expression, seem to be supporting the Administration.

That statement is made after considerable thought. The views of these people are not found in any major newspaper that I read. They are not found anywhere except in the letters from these people themselves. It may explain many things, not the least of which is the action of prominent public officials. Certainly a leftish advocate is not wanting for encouragement, even though every editorial page in the country lampoons him from morning until night. Those who would understand the sentiment in this country might profit by reading the mail which pours in on spokesmen for the Administration viewpoint. No one could read those thousand letters or, I venture to say, any thousand letters which similarly boil from the public, without reaching the firm conviction that a majority of the masses is restless for change.

After reading for several days I devised a formula which seemed uncannily accurate. If the letter had been dictated on lithographed or engraved stationery, the chances were about 75 to 25 that it opposed the Administration. If it had been personally pecked out on a typewriter, the chances of criticism or support were about 50–50, and the same division applied to what might be termed finishing-school- or college-handwriting letters. But, if the letter had been written in pencil and on tablet paper, the chances were about 99 to 1 that the writer was a staunch supporter of the Administration.

These are the people who don't write letters to the editors. They have no faith in their literary ability, but, when a wholesale attack is made on policies which they approve, they are moved to express their approbation to the man thus attacked. Most of them, recognizing that they are voiceless, take great pains to tell that a poll of sentiment in their humble parlor or at the country store or in a particular group of workmen developed the information that every person thus polled expressed similar support.

These are mere facts — cold, bald, unvarnished facts; and the thousand letters may be produced to substantiate them. The only point



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of dispute is on the question of how representative of the thought of the nation are these thousand letters. I believe they are representative and I believe any other thousand letters similarly inspired would produce the same picture.

Now let us see what these voiceless persons who write on tablet paper with pencils are thinking.

First, we can set down four broad general impressions which are inescapable from a reading of this mail.

1. These people will not stand another depression, and they have no faith in the ability of so-called big businessmen to prevent one. They think too much greed by a few persons is causing too much suffering among many persons.

2. What they want most of all is *security* of income rather than *amount* of income. It is the uncertainty, the constant prospect of family suffering, which is driving them to the point of desperation. They think the system should provide work for those willing to work. Even though they presently have jobs, they live in constant fear of being laid off.

3. They think the newspapers represent big business and that public leaders should use the radio more and more. They depend to an astonishing extent on the radio for their information.

4. If the Roosevelt reforms fail, these people are ready to follow a leadership far more to the left. Another Huey Long could win support unknown to the late Louisiana dictator. Unless the Roosevelt program is able to bring about some measure of the social security they are demanding, they will call for such a leader.

Any person who makes those statements, even though he collects them from a thousand authors, will be charged with stirring up class war, breeding revolution, arraying labor against capital, and advocating a regime of socialism. One could almost write in advance the letters he will receive from indignant citizens.

The answer is that any effort to prevent those unpleasant things must be made by facing facts; that we cannot stop the explosion of a powder keg by blindly denying the existence of a powder keg. It is there, just as certainly as some social reform is certain. "It will come either by an orderly process or by a disorderly process," says one spokesman of a large group whose power of expression is more cryptic than that of his fellow men. But come it surely will.

III

THERE ARE several pertinent and little recognized facts, all culled from these "unthinking" masses, which have a direct bearing on this situation. Perhaps we should back up a bit and let some of them set the stage for this apparent change in our political life.

Twenty-five years ago this nation was turning out less than two hundred thousand high-school graduates a year, and almost 8 per cent of the population were illiterate. Now we are turning out over a million high-school graduates a year, and barely 2 per cent of the population are illiterate. With the ability to read, there inevitably comes an ability to think, points out a Midwestern farmer. And thinking is naturally tuned to the environments in which one is forced to think, adds a twenty-seven-year-old lawyer from Texas. To expect a man who lives in the uncertainty of hand-to-mouth existence to think in terms of Park Avenue is as shortsighted, says a New England bank clerk, as the admonition to let them eat cake when the bread is gone.

Twenty-five years ago there were no radios in this country. Now there are being sold about nine million sets a year, and there must be approximately twenty or twenty-five million sets in use. As never before, points out an eighty-year-old man from Brooklyn, public leaders can figuratively sit down in the living rooms of the entire nation and discuss with the citizens the affairs of the government. "And the masses stay home to listen while Park Avenue goes to a party," he thinks.

Such a development as that of radio must inevitably have a far-reaching effect on the electorate of the nation.

Its obvious effect "is to organize the masses," points out one man from the masses in Seattle. If any proof of that is required, we can find it readily in the last *Literary Digest* presidential poll. In previous years that poll had been accurate even to fractional degrees. It was conducted the same way in 1936, but those who formerly had controlled elections in their various communities found themselves snowed under by an organized but voiceless mass who, perhaps, "will control more and more the

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elections in this country," says another New Yorker.

We cannot have under the same roof an educated public with intimate communications on the one hand and obvious social and economic injustices on the other, according to a large but bad-spelling group.

No longer may any leader win election to high public office who does not speak the voice of the voiceless millions. Call that an advocacy of demagoguery if you will, but the very system which we have nursed through the generations "has brought it about," believe others.

We wanted public education, so "now we must adjust our government to best serve the needs of an educated nation," says a man from the South who pecks it out on a typewriter. We wanted mass production of radio and automobiles, so now we must meet the exactions of a mass public welded together by such ready means of communication, think many more. We wanted to build our standard of living up to the place where it would create a rich market for our manufactured products, so now we must go forward with the imposed doctrine that the laboring class is entitled to the comforts of life. "We cannot tell a child it must grow only so large and then must stop growing," is an expression from one of the political adolescents. If we do not wish it to become a full grown man it is best "not to nurse it so tenderly in the infancy."

The masses of America are now politically full grown, "and getting stronger every day." No more do they have to labor through the ordeal of reading what somebody else says a public leader said a week or a month ago. Now they sit back in their favorite chairs and hear with their own ears, says another, "the words as they come from the lips of our public leaders."

IV

And the problems most important to them are the problems which mostly affect them — security of jobs or security of price for the things they grow, security against the crushing misery of old age, security of their dignity as American citizens, security against the unspeakable disgrace of begging in vain for an opportunity to support their families. Those are the things they have been taught to expect. Those are the things they are going to demand.

Whether we like it or not, whether it is wise or not, whether it is dangerous or not, "a new condition of political life has arrived," says one labor leader. The masses are organized, repeat many others. Their broad problems are identical. Their environments are similar. "They think as a group, and they are going to vote as a group," think others. And theirs "is the power to elect or defeat," believe many of these writers.

To realize that and attempt to supply the demands intelligently is to render a service to the American people and their traditions. To deny it and seek to block a democratic majority "is to endanger democracy itself," according to a resolution passed by a labor union on the West Coast.

We cannot adjust the thinking of a nation, believes a small businessman, to suit the practices "of business or even the traditions of America." Instead, the reverse is true. All else "must be adjusted to fit the thinking of the nation." It will be adjusted. It is only a question "of how that adjustment will come." It will come by intelligent leadership from the top or else it will come by a more rowdy method from the masses, warn many. Neither course is likely to be perfect in the beginning. The first would be safer. The second — and we may as well face it — is tending toward a demand that "the government take over all banks, insurance companies, and public utilities," according to a spokesman for an astonishingly large school of thought.

"Why," asks one man whose thoughts are identical with many others, "should the government pay interest on money which it owns anyway?" Regardless of the logic we may array in answer to that query, the important fact is that the masses are beginning to demand a more paternalistic government — "and the masses will rule at the ballot box," warns a man who is the secretary of another west-coast labor union.

Our more conservative brothers will demand of us, Why do you put such ideas in the public mind?

That's just it. We are not. These ideas are coming from the public mind, and it is only "a leader with his head buried in the sand" who refuses to recognize them. "We may delay reform but we cannot permanently block it," many are telling us in language which jibes

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with the thoughts of a writer whose chief grudge is against chain stores.

But what reform can we give without wrecking the capitalistic system?

Plenty. "The first task is to reform our own thinking," cautions a moderately well-known college professor.

An old-age pension was considered the extreme of radical and irrational thought when first suggested. Not even the high-placed leftish advocates would come close to it. Is it really dangerous? Let's see.

"There are only approximately ten million persons in the United States who are over sixty years of age. Surely some principle of insurance could be devised to protect these citizens against the ravages of a dependent old age," believes one letter writer, a man who is in the early thirties.

There are many prospects, many ways of making it practical. The chief obstacle in the way "is our state of mind, our national conservatism which forbids the entertainment of any new suggestion or reform until the force of conditions" leaves no alternative, says another. For the preservation of what we call "our liberties" we think nothing of spending billions in "preparing for war to kill ourselves and others" who might threaten our industrial life, "but we shudder in amazement at the suggestion of spending a like amount to *save* the lives of those who have poured their blood and energies into the building up of this nation," ridicules still another who is himself economically safe at present.

V

FROM THESE THOUSAND LETTERS you could lay in one pile approximately six hundred which agreed on one thought: that the door of opportunity for the little man is being closed. They do not all agree on the cause nor do they all agree on the remedy. But there is an ominous unanimity on the fact.

Mathematically, there is one other interesting development. A vast majority of young men and a vast majority of old men are supporting the Administration. On the one hand they see no opportunity ahead; on the other hand they have seen a life of work gone to the enrichment of others than themselves.

The views of the young, however, seemed most interesting.

"I am a college graduate," says one typical letter, "and I have now reached the conclusion that I could have better spent those four years learning some manual trade." Still another warns of "a restlessness among the coming generation not realized by those in secure positions." A man from Dallas writes, on crest-embossed stationery, that people are being educated to the fact that "fair practices ultimately bring the best result"; and another from Cheyenne says that "ninety per cent of our political leaders are definitely under the influence of organized business."

"We do not want Communism or Socialism or any other ism," writes a twenty-nine-year-old former newspaperman, "but unless big business becomes less selfish we are going to be forced to join any movement which promises to break up the system which we feel is crushing us."

If it is a choice between dictatorship and a "continuance of economic slavery" writes a clerk in a large corporation, "we will take dictatorship." We will "take anything," he adds, "and I know the people who work around me feel the same way I do. We can't talk, but O Boy, we can vote." All they want, he said, is the right leader "because President Roosevelt is too big hearted to really crack down on the fellows who are cracking down on us." The President doesn't know what it is to be at the "mercy of a heartless company which, to protect its own fat dividends and executives' salaries, can," with merely a little slip of yellow paper, "cause my children to go hungry and miserable."

There is no purpose in continuing further. The picture of this state of mind among the masses could be enlarged but could not be made any sharper. How representative is it? Only a relative answer will suffice. Conditions could make it grow worse; other conditions could make it grow less.

And the astounding, the encouraging, thing about this state of mind is the fact that the masses thus represented do not want to depart from the traditional American system. They think they may have to but they would much prefer to find some way to make our present system work.

This, it seems to many Americans, is the most engaging challenge ever presented to this country.

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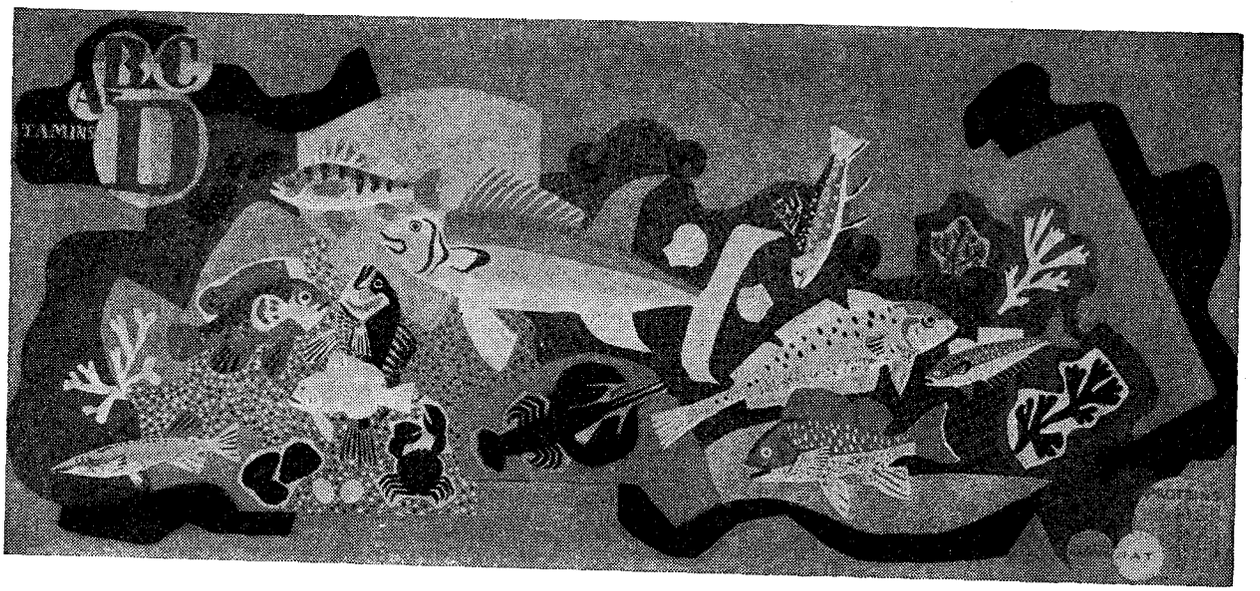
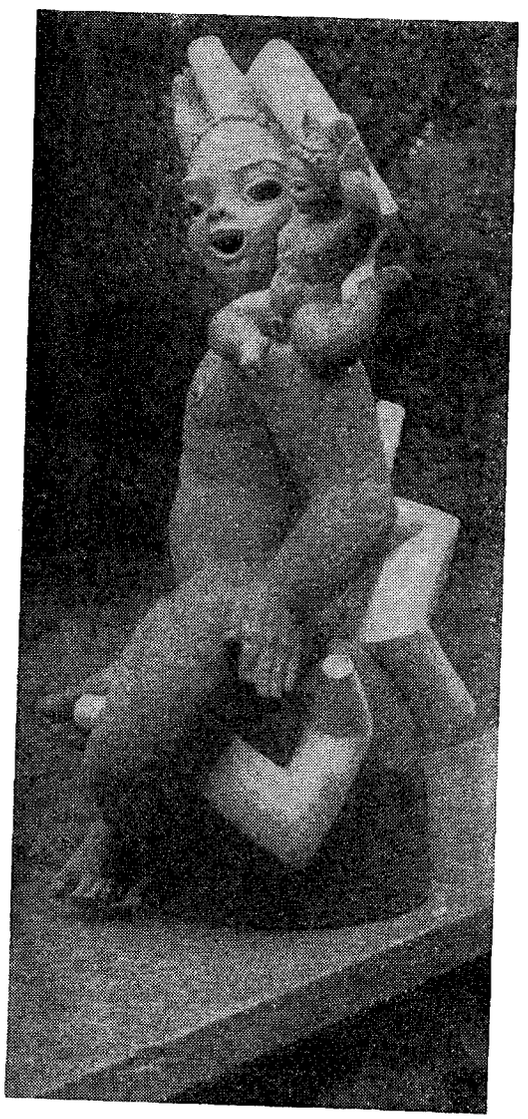
The Artist's Point of View

New York World's Fair Art— World of Yesterday, Today, or Tomorrow?



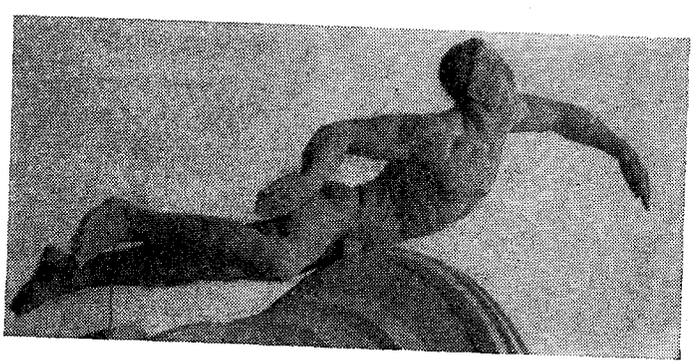


Above: TODAY and TOMORROW. A mural, by WITOLD GORDON, for the Food Building. Here is a healthy mural art of Today. It is huge in size, gay, colorful, and excellent in design. It is infinitely more effective in telling its story through abstract symbolism than a naturalistic work can ever be. It shows a big gain in quality over this artist's mural at Radio City Music Hall. Since it does gain distinction on all the above counts, it is safe to call it the art of Tomorrow as well as Today.

At left: TODAY and TOMORROW. One of eight ceramic figures for a Fountain of the Atom, by WAYLANDE GREGORY. The sculptural art of Today at its best. Emphasis is gained through distortion into a delightful grotesque. There is thoroughly sensitive form design. There is symbolism. There is fanciful creation both in concept and form. A solid claim, here, to being also the art of Tomorrow.

Below: YESTERDAY. "The Crest," by Malvina Hoffman. A swimming figure to be poised above a pool. Here is the lowest ebb of sculptural art. This is *naturalism* — the absence of all the qualities, including design, which make the art of the ages live. The accidents of an actual body skillfully copied as they are in life. An excellent example of the decadence of our Yesterday in art.

RALPH M. PEARSON



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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

Making a Poem

***by* MELVILLE H. CANE**

"But how do you go about writing your poems?"

A fair question, but I confess I usually stiffen and close up under it, as if the answer were too complicated for utterance, in any event incomprehensible. However, on occasion I've been moved to search for an intelligible answer.

When I was a small boy we had in our library huge, uncomfortable one-volume editions, in calf or morocco, of "The Complete Poetical Works" of Byron, Scott, Moore, Burns, also the New England "classics" — Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson. I recall with what awe I approached them. Their authors were Poets and, as such, aloof Olympians, divinely chosen, whose words were all equally holy and beautiful beyond the reach of criticism. These rare and special souls grouped themselves in my imagination on a mountain peak, close to the All Highest, sharing his ethereal rays.

While my case was doubtless extreme, I find that to an amazing degree the attitude of the uneducated reading public toward poets and poetry is one of uncomfortable awe. Poets apparently are of a race apart; their work is "inspired." To most persons the nature of the creative act, the factors involved, remain a mystery too troublesome for investigation.

My being a lawyer as well as a writer of verse makes the situation even more perplexing, produces further questions: "How do you find time to do it?" "How do you manage to have enough energy left, after a long day at the office?" "I suppose you write only on summer vacations."

Self-consciously, disclaiming any superiority of virtue, one replies that the time some people take for bridge or golf can be used in writing; that the intense desire to do a thing may generate its own energy in the doing; that the act of composition can assert itself regardless of place, day of the week, or season.

"But how do you go about writing your poems?" There's an element of bafflement in that challenging "but."

I counter with: "You've oversimplified the problem. Each poem proceeds from its own peculiar momentum."

The other evening a sympathetic young woman pursued this very line of cross-examination, ending with: "But you must start with some form, mustn't you?" She was fingering the pages of a book of mine. "Take this short piece," she demanded, "'One By One'. What have you got to say about that?"

This is the poem:

> One by one
> Branch to branch,
> Leaves topple,
> Zigzag
> Through motionless October,
> Struggle,
> Founder, —
> Golden birds
> With broken wings.

I was spending a Sunday in the country at the height of autumn. The foliage had turned to gold and scarlet; the sun, bright in a cloudless sky, had lost some of its earlier intensity. On every hand were intimations of a dying season. I walked along a shady road past fields stacked with cornstalks, past fading wild flowers. The scene held both serenity and sadness. Unconsciously, as I moved along, I must have relaxed the stresses of city life, yielded to the mood of the season, and for the moment been at peace. It is this state of detachment, this absence of conflict which must ensue before artistic creation is possible. This condition can be induced consciously; more often it simply happens.

That day it simply happened. The gentlest breeze stirred; a few leaves now and then slowly drifted down from tall New England maples, not in a cloudy swirl but one by one. That was how I saw and felt them, "one by one." The words persisted warmly, appealingly. I stepped through the file of trees to the beat of them. This one-by-oneness, this singleness of each leaf, fitted my own sense of solitude; the phrase had acquired heat and feeling. It had soon become an entity, a nucleus, the signal to me, should I choose to heed it, that a poem was in process of becoming. In this instance I did choose to listen and obey. Accordingly I set to work to report the experience as objectively, as free from moral comment, as possible.

The initial haunting phrase struck me as the right unit line to set the pace and suggest the climate of the poem. I likewise saw the need of brevity in the telling. These were not arbitrary, a priori decisions, mentally arrived at, but rather commands imposed on the sensibilities by something beyond my control. A convenient name for this something is the creative process, though its activity, form, and content are inseparable manifestations of one unifying operation.

Thus my first line became

> One by one.

I then proceeded to reobserve the occurrence. The movement extended down from the top of each tree, from

> Branch to branch.

This made a satisfactory companion line to the first, of equal length and appropriate weight.

With these preliminaries at least tentatively sketched, — for they were of course subject not only to change but to abandonment — it was now the moment to introduce the dramatis personae and their course. I next wrote:

> Leaves flutter,
> Zigzag
> Through glorious October.

But, submitted to a sharper test, "flutter" seemed commonplace and inexact as well, and "glorious" seemed mere filler, contributing nothing to the life of the poem. Once freed from branch, the leaves more accurately "went down" rather than fluttered. "Topple" seemed best to describe the helplessness I wished to indicate. "Zigzag" I liked from the beginning, since it suggested retarded movement, backing and filling. And, further to emphasize a certain timelessness and passivity, I substituted "motionless" for "glorious."

By this time the poem was well along its brief career; the leaves were making their inconsequential descent. If their destiny were merely to drop to earth, the situation would have been unworthy of record. Something more was implicit, a sense of drama which I attempted to supply with the single word

> Struggle

followed by the word of defeat:

> Founder.

I chose these two words carefully out

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Making a Poem

of many synonyms, not only for their apt meaning, but because "struggle" made a sound-balance, though not a rhyme, with "topple," and "founder" with "October," thus also weaving a closer texture for the poem.

Up to this point, therefore, I had written:

> One by one,
> Branch to branch,
> Leaves topple,
> Zigzag
> Through motionless October,
> Struggle,
> Founder.

I had induced the mood, found the right line-by-line pace, suggested the slow, seasonal disintegration, but had yet to infuse the whole with that emotional glow, that electric charge without which a poem fails to come off and to be memorable to the reader. I needed a vivid, poignant image to sum up and crystallize the sense of pain and beauty, an image which to carry must be relevant and extracted from the materials at hand. And so, as I refelt the experience and brooded on it, there came to me this picture:

> Golden birds
> With broken wings.

I had done what I set out to do.

Emily Dickinson once said: "If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry." Not meaning to invite comparisons, I confess to a similar stirring of the blood after finishing any piece which keenly satisfies my intentions. This physical recognition, being subjective, is of course no criterion of the poem's ultimate worth or of its impact on the reader or listener. One can only hope that the desired communication will result.

To repeat, no two poems have the same origin or travel parallel paths in their development. And no two poets have the same approach. The spark which notifies the poet that there's a poem on the way may arise from a chance word, from a thought slowly, persistently germinating, from an intimation defying classification.

I am dealing essentially with lyric poetry. Both the problem and the aspiration of the lyric poet can at least be hinted at in the words of Professor Whicher, biographer of Emily Dickinson:

> The lyric . . . lay ready to her hand as the traditional vehicle of impassioned thought. She accepted it as unquestionably as she accepted the alphabet. There were black symbols on white paper, words arranged in rhythmic patterns. How could these dead, mechanical things be made to throb with the high excitement of the soul? How could the living truth be flashed through them from mind to mind?

TOASTS

STRUTHERS BURT, who this month concludes his examination, for THE FORUM, of anti-Semitism in America, is the well-known novelist and essayist. His most recent book was *Powder River*.

JOHN ROBERT QUINN lives in Washington, D. C., where he is employed in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster General. He has published poetry, short stories, and essays in a number of magazines.

EDWIN MULLER was born in Kentucky and educated at Princeton. After a dozen years in business, he turned to writing fiction and feature articles for American and British magazines.

K. R. MARTIN is a Californian of British parentage who has lived in Japan, India, Italy, and England. She is an artist as well as writer and student of international affairs, and, in addition, she formerly did editorial work for a publishing house.

JAMES THURBER reports that in his sixteen-month European sojourn which ended last September he did not find French and English democracy decaying. However, he thought the Italian soldiers looked sad and thoughtful, as if they had stomach trouble and had lost their mandolins.

FRANK RITCHIE is a New Yorker associated in the work of the American committee for Christian German Refugees, of which organization he is Executive Director.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD has been Professor of Sociology at New York University since 1924. He is author of a number of books on immigration problems and is recognized as one of America's most distinguished economists and sociologists.

G. B. STERN, full name Gladys Bronwyn Stern Holdsworth, was born in London and wrote her first novel at the age of twenty. *Matriarch*, in 1924, established her reputation in this country. More recent novels were *Monogram*, *Oleander River*, and *Shining and Free*.

WALTER A. TERPENNING, a former college professor of economics and sociology, has more recently been in government service — in the Federal Housing Administration and the Resettlement Administration.

JOHNSTON AVERY is a onetime North Carolina newspaperman who went to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in Washington and then to the Department of Justice, Antitrust Division.

MELVILLE H. CANE is a New York lawyer for whom writing poetry is an avocation.

Forum Quiz Answers

1. (c) *Italian and French*
2. (a) *Talleyrand*
3. (d) *Abdulla Boul Boul Ameer* [Ivan Petrofsky Skavar was his vanquished opponent in that battle.]
4. (a) *186,000 miles per second*
5. (a) *Oklahoma A. & M.*
6. (d) *"Your ham-and-bacon factory, eh?"* [Pigs, of course.]
7. (b) *Milton got $100 for* Paradise Lost [actual fee paid him by publisher].
8. (c) *objects carved from bone* [By sailors, Eskimos, and others with time on their hands. Shells occasionally used.]
9. (a) *expurgated* [From Thomas Bowdler, who edited Shakespeare.]
10. (c) *S. Dakota*
11. (d) *French wine*
12. (b) *John and Mack Rust*
13. (b) *Ga-din'-ya* [in the Polish Corridor]
14. (b) *condemns life in old Vienna*
15. (b) *George Hackenschmidt*
16. (b) *"Did Hollywood get in your hair?"* [Famous Soviet motion-picture director, who had an unfortunate sojourn in Hollywood, 1930–32.]
17. (b) *to hold the time*
18. (a) *a percentage plan in place of salaries* [for writers, actors, directors, producers]
19. (b) *Degas* [Hilaire Edgar, French impressionist]
20. (a) *the old wild West*
21. (b) *42 billion* [Estimated at 44 billion in 1940.]
22. (c) *acts as a catalyst*
23. (d) *pellagra* [a dietary disease]
24. (a) *"A safe hit in baseball, Claude, landing beyond the infielders and shy of the outfielders."*
25. (c) Pines of Rome — *Puccini* [Composer was Respighi.]
26. (a) *on their sides* [Corks should be kept wet.]
27. (a) *One's a shift; t'other's a bone* [Metatarsus is bone in foot, the "instep." Metastasis is a rapid change or shift of disease from one part of the body to another.]
28. *Accellerates* [Should have only one "l."]
29. (d) *Singapore* [Required 15 years to build, cost over $100,000,000.]
30. (b) *Alexander Pope* [*Essay on Man*]
31. (c) *"Well, it's just the old story of the coughing courtesan, Camille, and her pure young love. You've read about her in progressive school."* [Opera by Verdi]
32. (a) *worn out with age*
33. (a) *talk off the record*
34. (b) *Pagliacci* [by Leon Cavallo]
35. (c) *20%* [Most authorities agree.]
36. (d) The Twa Corbies
37. (c) *Jacqueline Cochran* [married to Floyd Odlum]
38. (b) *Li Po* [705–762]
39. (b) *Amundsen* [Dec. 16, 1911]
40. (b) *Bessarabia borders on the Black Sea.* [A province of Rumania.]

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THE RECORD REVIEW

COPLAND: EL SALON MEXICO. Serge Koussevitzky & Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victor M 546; 2 records, $4.50).

MOZART: SYMPHONY NO. 31 (PARIS) IN D MAJOR, *K. 297.* Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia 360; 3 records, $5.00).

BEETHOVEN: SONATA IN C MAJOR (WALDSTEIN), *op. 53.* Walter Gieseking, piano (Columbia 358; 3 records, $5.00).

SCHUMANN: DIE DAVIDSBÜNDLERTÄNZE, *op. 6.* Kurt Appelbaum, piano (Musicraft 30; 3 records, $5.00).

BRAHMS: VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY HAYDN, *op. 56a.* Felix Weingartner & London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia X-125; 2 records, $3.25).

POULENC: MASS IN G MAJOR. Les Chanteurs de Lyons (Columbia X-127; 2 records, $3.25).

NOTHING is more gratifying than the theorist who can produce actual art works besides philosophical treatises. Such is the case with Aaron Copland, whose recent book on listening to music is definitive for the time being.

Here Copland is seen in the creative spotlight, indeed an able composer. His orchestral work, *El Salon Mexico,* is a vivid tonal impression of Mexico City's celebrated ballroom, best-characterized by the sign on the wall reading, "Please don't throw lighted butts on the floor so that the ladies don't burn their feet!" For the work, he has drawn themes from *Cancionéra Mexicano, by* Frances Toor, and *El Folk-lore y la Musica Mexicana,* by Ruben M. Campos — with the intention of evoking the emotional experiences attendant to *El Salon Mexico,* rather than producing a confused tone picture of the place.

The score is hypnotic and propulsive. Terrifying is the first nervous reaction, as the listener is swept away by the restless rhythms and dazzling orchestration. But, upon repeated hearings, the intensity of the rhythms and timbres becomes greatly relaxed.

El Salon Mexico is Copland's most digestible work to date; for the violent rhythms, bizzare orchestration, and audacious harmonies are compounded on simple, singable melodies. Besides, as Mr. Copland writes in his eminently sensible book, one must listen to a composer in terms of the era in which he writes. From this point of view, Copland's music, inextricably a part of this very civilization, becomes simple to understand—and welcome to open ears. The Boston Symphony drains every drop from the score, humor and all, and the recording is just magnificent.

An odd side, containing Stravinsky's flatulent arrangement of *The Song of The Volga Boatmen* for wind orchestra, seems hardly necessary.

MOZARTEANS will rejoice at the addition of another symphony — No. 31 — to the growing Mozart recorded literature. This "Paris" Symphony derives its name from the fact that Mozart composed it, among other works, during his visit to that city in 1778. The Symphony was written with the fickleness and ornateness of Parisian taste in mind, and, although it is sunny, glib music, it is scarcely as profound as some of the later symphonies. Mozart recast the slow movement twice before rendering it a final form; yet, save for the finale, in which sparkling woodwind passages herald the greater Mozart, this is just another Mozart symphony. Which means at least that it has a buoyancy unknown in the rest of the history of sound.

Beecham's reading is fresh and faithful, and the recording, for the greater part, maintains the spirit of the music. In the finale, there are also the matchless wood winds of the London Philharmonic.

The extra side contains two excerpts from Beecham's ballet suite, *The Gods Go A-Begging,* arranged from music by Handel.

WALTER GIESEKING may vie with Rudolph Serkin for top honors in piano playing. Erroneously, the general public associates Gieseking with an intimate, miniature style. Thus it is unprepared for the sweeping, dramatic, and vigorous performance that he gives to the "Waldstein" Sonata. The clarity of the contrasts, the delicate pianissimos juxtaposed against the impetuous rushes, are sheerly astonishing. Here is an interpretation that seems to lack nothing. It is subtle, poetic, revealing, probing, dynamic, eloquent, passionate, pleading, demonstrative all at once. In a recording that captures most of Gieseking's artistry, this set has few rivals in the entire recorded literature for the piano.

The odd side offers a hitherto unrecorded Bagatelle in E-flat major, op. 33, no. 1.

A PIANIST of wholly different temperament from Gieseking or Serkin is Kurt Appelbaum. Appelbaum is a lyric interpreter, with a more restrained, though not less impassioned, approach. As opposed to the pianist whose virtuosity im-

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The Record Review

mediately juts forth, Appelbaum is soft and sensitive. He is Schumannesque, whereas Gieseking is Beethovenish, Promethean. For that reason it is significant to have recordings of Appelbaum playing Schumann and Gieseking playing Beethoven issued simultaneously, though under different labels.

Die Davidsbündlertänze are concerned with the *Davidsbund*, Schumann's imaginary society to combat the "Philistines." Each dance is accompanied by the initials "E" or "F" to denote Eusebius and Florestan, the pseudonyms Schumann adopted to signify the poetic and impetuous sides of his character. Of the dances, Number 7 is omitted, because of its lack of musical interest.

The dances are broad and romantic, even when they belong to the Florestan cast. Appelbaum plays them with warm sympathy, and the recording is luminous.

HERE again is a Weingartner recording of a much recorded set that takes precedence over its rivals. And in this case of the Brahms-Haydn "Variations," the most formidable rival is a recent Toscanini set from Victor. Still, the Weingartner power and breadth are preferable to the momentous drama of others, which often makes the music more lush than it already is. In the long run it is this sober approach which assuages the anti-Brahmsians, especially when it is so expertly recorded and offers also so splendid an orchestra as the London Philharmonic.

A MODERN setting of the sacred mass comes from the pen of that *enfant terrible*, Francis Poulenc, originally a member of the celebrated *Six*. Poulenc is invariably associated with the precious nonsense contained in his fantasy for two pianos and orchestra, and this sudden strange role as composer of a serious mass is indeed astounding. But there is ground for receiving this Poulenc warmly, for the Mass, with its suave, neomodal melodic lines, makes a deep impression. The unfamiliar sonorities and the polytonal writing evoke mystical religious feelings that should appease those quarters which would consider this mass too secular.

The Lyons Singers perform the difficult music with great facility, singing in Latin, unaccompanied. The effect one receives from the recorded performance, made in the cathedral at Lyons, is one of overbearing reverence, for, added to the fervor of the music are the resounding Gothic echoes and reverberations.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

A review by Mr. Hepner of *American Jazz Music*, a new book by Wilder Hobson, appears on page vii of this issue.

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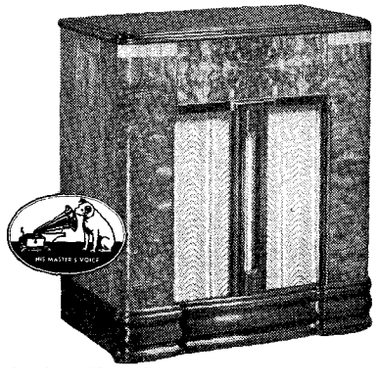

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

PUBLIC EDUCATION

To the Editor:

I wish to draw the attention of your readers to a statement in the rebuttal by Mr. [Ralph C.] Roper appearing at the conclusion of the article by Mr. Roper and myself ["The Role of Government in Public Discussion"] in the May issue of THE FORUM. (This rebuttal has only now come to my notice.)

Mr. Roper's statement is as follows: "'I have never proposed,' he states," (quoting me in part) "'that the Commissioner shall "control" a national system of forums'; yet he vests the sole and absolute control in the public-school system, of which he, who controls the expenditure of the federal funds, is the head."

This statement is factually untrue. I am not the head of the public school system. In the United States we do not have *a* public school system but rather thousands of independent city and county school systems. The Commissioner of Education has never had any administrative authority or control over these independent and locally controlled school systems.

Mr. Roper's assumption that the Commissioner of Education has some power or authority over educational policies in local communities is one of the major sources of his misunderstanding of my proposals.

J. W. STUDEBAKER, *Commissioner*
United States Department of the Interior
Office of Education
Washington, D. C.

THE POINT OF VIEW

The following letter was received by Richard Oleson, author of "Men Never Born," which appeared in the February FORUM. *The article was not remotely concerned with racial problems. It happened to mention "Dutch" Schultz, a New York gangster, in quoting some of the things Schultz said in delirium when he was dying.*

Dear Mr. Oleson:

Relative to your article in THE FORUM where you describe "Dutch Schultz" as the kingpin of modern racketeers while alive, — was glad to know more about this man and his life. What prompts me to write you is that I can not understand why you do not tell us more about where this man came from. You of course know that the name Schultz is German. You should have made it clear that Dutch Schultz's real name was Arthur Flegenheimer a Jew. Do you think it fair to smear the good German name Schultz with a Jewish underworld life character? When a Jew is a scientist he is always an Einstein but when a Jew is crooked then he must change his name to Burns or Schultz. My name is not Schultz, but as an American of German ancestry I am going to make it my business to expose all I can this dirty underhanded method of discarding a discredited name and assume one with a reputation for honesty and standing. If they want to be destroyers let them work on their own people. Why must it be necessary to defend ones self against an invasion of a family name in America. It becomes a pest after a while and then — the cry goes out, "Oh we are persecuted," because they can not be Burns's and Schultz's any longer.

Mr. Oleson wrote to the author of the above as follows:

I was very much interested in your letter of February 3. . . .

I do remember, now that you have called it to my attention, that "Dutch" Schultz's real name was Flegenheimer, or something of the sort. Whether he was Jewish or non-Jewish I do not know, nor does it seem pertinent either to the things which I wanted to say in my article nor to the things which you have written in your letter to me. The article was about a particularly regrettable state of mind and heart possessed by some men like Flegenheimer and like Stevens of whom I wrote. Stevens incidentally was an American whose ancestry was English and German, but I did not mention this in the article because it had no bearing on the thing I wanted to say. The fact that there was German blood in Stevens had no bearing on the fact that he was irresponsible and incapable of becoming a constructive and decent citizen. The fact that he, too, changed his name a dozen times in the course of his criminal career and that I changed it again when I wrote my article (for neither was his real name Stevens nor did he at any time use that name) was not due to any desire to transfer blame from the German race to any other race, nor does his criminality and worthlessness reflect in any way on the German people simply because he was partly German. No race, no nation, no people, can bear as a whole blame for the despicable acts of one member. . . . Adolph Hitler is a German of Austrian birth. Today the whole civilized world stands aghast at his destruction of freedom, at his unspeakable cruelties, at his denial of the fundamental things for which civilized humanity stands. Yet no intelligent person judges the German race by the acts of . . . Hitler.

No more is it fair or intelligent for you or anyone who feels as you do to impute the things you do to the Jewish race because Flegenheimer, who you say was a Jew, changed his name to disguise himself in crime, and assumed a German name.

You write that you are an American. Do you know what it means to be an American? It means that you are one of a nation founded on the principle "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." It means that you are one of a nation whose basic law, enunciated in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights guarantees you and every one living as a part of this nation freedom in choosing and practicing and protesting his religion, freedom of speech and of the press, freedom of assembly, security against the search or seizure of house and property save by due process of law based upon reasonable cause and proof, freedom to vote without coercion for such representatives as you choose to have in your government. These rights were given us by the founders of our republic because they believed, as all true Americans believe today, that they were necessary to "form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

It is the solemn duty of every person who would call himself an American, as you have done, to uphold and promote those rights and that ideal of freedom, protecting them, if necessary, with their lives. . . .

I invite you to become an American. . . . I invite you to examine the solemn truth that to a true American all Americans are "his people" whether they be Jews, whose race includes Christ, Einstein, Heine, and others who have been or are leaders of the world, and some who are less worthy, or Germans, whose race include great men and the unspeakably destructive Adolph Hitler and the megalomaniac Wilhelm Hohenzollern, whether they be English or French, white or black or red or yellow in their skins. I invite you to examine the fortunate circumstances which have placed you, member of a minority, in a nation in which minorities have officially the same rights as the majority rather than in Europe where the rights of minorities have vanished.

Until you have done these things you will not know the meaning of that magnificent statement which you yourself have used in your letter: "I am an American."

RICHARD OLESON
New York, N. Y.

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